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THE
SHAKESPEARE READER:

WITH
NOTES, HISTORICAL AND GRAMMATICAL

BY
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SECOND BOOK.



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PREFACE.

THERE have hitherto been two chief hindrances to the reading of Shakespeare in schools of every class—the length of the Plays, and the occurrence in most of them of objectionable passages. In elementary schools, for example, and even in schools more advanced, Shakespeare has been known mainly by detached speeches. There has been little opportunity of making the pupils acquainted either with the story of the Plays, or with the characters delineated in them.

The present Work is intended to remove both of the hindrances referred to. The Plays have been abridged, so as to bring each of them within manageable limits. At the same time, all has been retained in each case that was needed to make the narrative complete. The principal passages, and favourite speeches—nearly every one of which will be found in this Work—will derive additional interest from being set each in its proper place, forming a part of the narrative of the Play to which it belongs. All such passages and expressions as render Shakespeare unsuitable for perusal in public classes have been carefully excluded.

Those Plays have been selected which seemed best adapted for educational purposes; but the selection embraces the very greatest works of Shakespeare:—of the Tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Coriolanus*; of the Histories—*King John*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, and *King Henry VIII.*; of the Comedies—*The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Tempest*.

Notes have been appended to each Play, to elucidate obscure passages, to explain historical allusions and peculiar or difficult grammatical constructions, and to make the Work available for that

systematic study of English Classics which has now a recognized place in the curriculum of every well-organized school.

As the words which require explanation frequently occur in different Plays, and several times in the same Play, the Etymological Notes are given in a General Vocabulary at the end of each Book, which may also be used as a Verbal Index. Each word explained in the Vocabulary is marked by an asterisk (*) in the text. There is also a Grammatical Index to each Book, containing references to the peculiarities of construction and idiom explained in the Notes.

It is hoped that these Books may be useful in deepening and extending, through the common schools of the country, a knowledge of Shakespeare's works; and that many may be induced, by a perusal of these pages, to undertake a closer study of his language and wonderful modes of thought.

** The Twelve Plays selected have been arranged in Three Books, as follows. Each Book can be had separately:—

FIRST BOOK.

KING RICHARD II.
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.
KING RICHARD III.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Plays included in the First Book are chiefly historical. They have been selected with a special view to Junior Classes.

SECOND BOOK.

KING JOHN.		THE TEMPEST.
CORIOLANUS.		KING HENRY VIII.

THIRD BOOK.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		MACBETH.
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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The EARL OF PEMBROKE.
The EARL OF SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.
QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Partly in England, and partly in Wales.

THE ARGUMENT.

(A.D. 1199-1216.)

THIS Play covers the whole reign of King John, a period of seventeen years. The rightful heir to the throne, on the death of Richard I., the third son of Henry II., was Arthur, the son of Geoffrey, the fourth son of that monarch. But Richard was induced by his mother Elinor to name as his successor John, her fifth and favourite son.

PART I.—Constance, Arthur's mother, prevails upon Philip of France to espouse the cause of her son, who, as Duke of Bretagne, is the French King's vassal. Accordingly, at the commencement of the Play, Chatillon, the French ambassador, demands the crown for Arthur in his master's name, with the alternative of war. John indignantly resents the interference, and bids defiance to the French monarch. Chatillon departs with the challenge; but, as he is detained by contrary winds, John, accompanied by Philip Faulconbridge, succeeds in reaching the French coast with a powerful army as soon as he. The English and the French forces confront one another before the town of Angiers. Each demands the surrender of the town. But the citizens will open their gates only to the victor. A bloody fight ensues, in which neither party gains any decided advantage. John and Philip, laying aside their animosities, then unite their forces against the town. At this juncture, one of the citizens, to save the town, proposes a marriage between the Dauphin and Blanch of Brittany, Prince Arthur's sister—a proposal to which the monarchs agree. Their alliance is short-lived. Presently Pandulph, the papal legate, appears. He curses and excommunicates John for refusing to promote Stephen Langton, an Englishman long resident in France, to the arch-

bishopric of Canterbury. He threatens Philip with the same fate unless he breaks his alliance with John. Urged by Constance and the Dauphin, Philip agrees to do so, and the war is renewed. Prince Arthur is taken prisoner, and John sends him to England under charge of Hubert de Burgh, his chamberlain. Hubert has undertaken to put him to death, but Arthur's touching entreaties turn him from his wicked purpose.

PART II.—Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords, believing Arthur to have been murdered, fly to join the Dauphin, whom Pandulph has persuaded to invade England. Arthur meantime, in making his escape from prison, leaps from the castle wall, and is killed. The disaffected lords find his body, and believe him to have been murdered. King John, on hearing from Hubert that Arthur still lives, dispatches him to inform the lords of his safety. He arrives upon the scene as they are contemplating the dead body of the prince, which offers a sad contradiction to his story.

King John, in his extremity, resigns his crown into the hands of Pandulph, who rewards his submission by replacing it on his head, and promises to urge the Dauphin to retire. But in this he fails. A battle ensues, the issue of which is doubtful. Towards the end of the fight, the Count Melun, a wounded French lord, informs Pembroke and Salisbury that the Dauphin intends to requite their aid by putting them to death. They therefore resolve to return to King John. He, in the meantime, has retired to Swinestead Abbey, where a villanous monk has given him poison. When the lords join him he is in the throes of death; and he dies while listening to Faulconbridge's account of the loss of the best part of his power in the treacherous Washes. The English nobles rally round Prince Henry, who is led, by the overtures of the Dauphin for peace, to hope for a happy and peaceful succession.

PART I.

SCENE—KING JOHN'S PALACE.

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and others,*
with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: "borrowed majesty!"

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights, so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

10

20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace :
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
So hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have :
Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

30

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son ! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage* of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,— 40
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me :
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear.

[*Philip of France, and Lewis the Dauphin, with the Archduke of Austria, espouse the cause of Arthur. John invades France, defeats Philip near Angiers, and takes Arthur prisoner.*]

SCENE—NEAR ANGIERS.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, HUBERT, and Lords.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe* thee much ! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

50

Hub. I am much bounden* to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day, 60
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds*
 To give me audience: if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins, 70
 Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
 A passion hateful to my purposes;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit * alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;—
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well; 80
 And, by my troth,* I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?—
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: dost thou understand me? 90
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;—
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee: 100
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [Exeunt.]

[Arthur is sent to England with the other prisoners, and is confined in a castle.]

SCENE—FRANCE. THE FRENCH KING'S TENT.

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado* of convicted* sail
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well. 110

K. Phi. What can go wrong, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice* disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this? 120

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress, 130
Death, death:—O amiable, lovely Death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest, 140
And buss* thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy*

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow. 150

Const. Thou art not holy, to belie me so ;

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :

Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal ;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief, 160

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be delivered of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

Or madly think a babe of clouts* were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—Oh, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen, 170

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief,

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,

"O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty !" 180

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,*

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud, 190

And chase the native beauty from his cheek ;

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;

And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him : therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child. 200

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers* me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*

When there is such disorder in my wit. 210

O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

[*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—ENGLAND. A ROOM IN A CASTLE.

Enter HUBERT and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand

Within the arras : when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

And bind the boy which you shall find with me

Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed. 220

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.—

[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title

To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I ;

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

230

I should be as merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

240

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :

In sooth,* I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you :

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur.

[*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !* 250

Turning dispiteous* torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?*

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth.

And will you ?

Hub.

And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had,—a princess wrought it me,)

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;

Saying, " What lack you ? " and, " Where lies your grief ? "

Or, " What good love may I perform for you ? "

Many a poor man's son would have lien* still

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

270

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning : do, an* if you will :

If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you.

Hub.

I have sworn to do it ;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !

280

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?
 An * if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's. 290
Hub. Come forth ! *[Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For Heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert : drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ; 300
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angerly : *
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let * me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt Executioners.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours. 310

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs * seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues 320
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ;
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes : oh, spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on you !—
 Lo, by my troth, * the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth : * the fire is dead with grief
(Being create for comfort) to be used 330
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An* if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre * him on. 340
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes : *
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised. 350

Hub. Peace ; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend * thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

PART II.

SCENE—KING JOHN'S PALACE.

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This "once again," but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous : you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any longed-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before, 10
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possessed you with, and think them strong ;
 And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
 I shall indue you with : meantime but ask 20
 What you would have reformed that is not well,
 And well shall you perceive how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
 Your safety,—for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies,—heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint 30
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument :—
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,
 Why then your fears,—which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew* up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise ?
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ; 40
 Which for our goods we do no further ask
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
 To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?
 [*Taking him apart, and exit Hubert.*]

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
 He showed his warrant to a friend of mine :
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
 Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ; 50
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
 Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living, 60
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answered, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent* foul play; and 'tis shame 70
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood which owed* the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold:—bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent: 80
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England:—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them; 90
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. Oh, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother:—and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died 100

Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
Oh, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly thou walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That, thou for truth givest out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy 110
With these ill tidings

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams* in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear; 120
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst* his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet, 130
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailèd* and ranked in Kent:
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended 140
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law,—to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation!
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by *,— 150
 A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
 Quoted,* and signed to do a deed of shame,—
 This murder had not come into my mind:
 But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince. 160

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, 170
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,*
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers.
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, 180
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never entered yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought:
 And you have slandered Nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child. 190

K. John. Doth Arthur live? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.—
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly, run more fast.

[*Exeunt.* 200

SCENE—BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down :—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—
 There's few or none do know me : if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
 I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
 O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ! [*Dies.* 210

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, BIGOT, and FAULCONBRIDGE.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here ? [*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !
 The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
 Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
 Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,
 Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ? 220
 Or do you almost think, although you see,
 That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
 Form such another ? This is the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death.— 230
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? [*Drawing his sword.*

Faul. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours :
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

240

Big. Out, dunghill ! darest thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
 Yet I am none : whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Faul. Keep the peace, I say.

250

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Faul. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
 If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
 Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge—
 Second a villain and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

260

Big. Who killed this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
 I honoured him, I loved him, and will weep
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villany is not without such rheum ;*
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
 The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

270

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Faul. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work ?
 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faul. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
 Thou'rt damned as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
 Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer :
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

280

Hub. Upon my soul—

Faul. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;
 And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself, 290
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
 Which was embounded* in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want* pains enough to torture me.
 I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.— 300
 I am amazed, methinks,* and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right and truth of all this realm,
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble* and to part by the teeth
 The unowed* interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
 Doth dogged* war bristle his angry crest, 310
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.* 320

[*King John, with his army, goes to meet the Dauphin, who has landed on the east coast. The latter is joined by Salisbury, Pembroke, and the other disaffected English Barons. Near Bury St. Edmunds the King is seized by a fever, and is conveyed to Swinstead Abbey.*]

SCENE — THE ORCHARD IN SWINSTEAD ABBEY.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
 Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell * poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.— 330
Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, 340
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,*
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and BIGOT, carrying KING JOHN in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors. 350
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course 360
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much—
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize 370
On unreprieveable condemnèd blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newa be utterèd;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod 380
And module* of confounded royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer him:
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The king dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord!—but now a king—now thus.

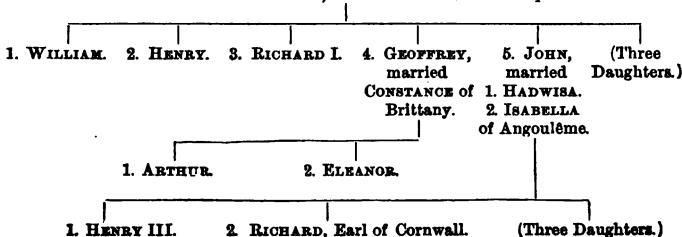
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop. 390
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

NOTES TO KING JOHN.

INTRODUCTION.—The earliest extant printed copy of this play is that in the folio of 1623. The precise date of its production is unknown; but it must have been written between 1591 and 1598. In the former year an anonymous play on the same subject—to which Shakespeare was indebted not only for the outline of his plot, but also for the first rough sketches of some of his most striking characters—was first printed. In the latter year Francis Meres published his “Wit’s Fancy,” in which this play is mentioned as one of Shakespeare’s works then popularly known. In the folio it occupied the first place amongst the *Histories*, as it is the earliest of them in chronological order.

Though Shakespeare, following the old play referred to above, has in several instances (referred to in the Notes as they occur) departed from historic truth, the following genealogical and chronological tables will form a useful key both to the personages and to the incidents of the drama:—

HENRY II. married ELEANOR, Countess of Poitou and Aquitaine.



1199. Death of RICHARD I. The rightful heir to the throne was Arthur, son of Geoffrey, the fourth son of Henry II.; but through the influence of Queen Eleanor, Henry's widow, Richard was induced to name JOHN as his successor. The Barons of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine support the claims of Arthur. Philip II. of France embraces Arthur's cause. Constance, in jealousy of Philip, secretly carries off Arthur from Paris, and places him under the guardianship of John.
1200. Treaty between John and Philip. John divorces Hadwisa, and marries Isabella of Angoulême.
1202. The Barons become discontented, and appeal to Philip, who interposes on their behalf.
1203. Arthur joins the Barons and Philip; marries Mary, daughter of Philip. Arthur besieges Mirebeau, in which his grandmother Queen Eleanor is shut up. John suddenly falls upon his camp, disperses it, and takes Arthur prisoner. Arthur is shut up in the Castle of Falaise. Arthur is removed to Rouen, and there put to death.
1207. Stephen Langton appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by the Pope. John refuses to recognize him.
1208. The Pope lays England under an Interdict.
1209. The Pope excommunicates John.
1212. The Pope deposes John, and offers his crown to Philip II., who prepares to invade England.
1213. John surrenders his kingdom to the Pope, and receives it back as his vassal.
1215. Magna Charta granted.
1216. The discontented Barons offer the crown to Louis, son of Philip II. of France, who had married John's niece. He lands in England. John loses his baggage, regalia, &c., in crossing from Lynn to Lincolnshire; falls sick, reaches Newark in Nottinghamshire, and there dies.

PART I

Line 3. *In my behaviour*—As represented by me.

16. *Disallow*.—Usually a transitive verb; here used intransitively.

22. *The farthest limit of my embassy*;—i.e., the ultimatum of France.

25. *I will be there, &c.*—Note the accurate use of *will* and *shall* in this and the following line; as if he had said, "Before you can report my *intention* of coming, I am determined that the thunder of my cannon shall be heard."

40. *Much more than your right*.—Eleanor was well aware of Arthur's preferable claim to the throne.

57. *Creep time*.—A concessive clause=though time creep ne'er so slow. *Thou shalt have....it shall come*.—Note again the force of *shall* to express the will or determination of the speaker.

65. *Sound on into the drowsy race of night*.—So the folio; but the line is probably corrupt, unless "the drowsy race of night" refer to the proverbially wearisome progress of the night watches. It has been proposed to alter the line to—

"Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;" but the vagueness of "sound on," implying the steady advance of time, is preferable to the definiteness of "sound one." Moreover, the "midnight bell" may "sound on," but it can hardly be said accurately to "sound one."

78. *Brooded watchful day*.—To brood, in its metaphorical sense, is to dwell upon anxiously. *Brooded* must therefore mean here anxious, vigilant, and intensifies the meaning of *watchful*.

83. *Adjunct to my act*.—Connected with, consequent upon, my act.

112. *Is not Angiers lost?*—Shakespeare's account of the events of John's reign differs in several particulars from the usual historical narrative. Here, for example, the usual account makes John fall upon Arthur's army while he was besieging his grandmother in the Castle of Mirebeau in Poitou, disperse it, and take the prince prisoner.

114. *Bloody England into England gone*.—The first *England* means the king, the second the country. Compare Part ii.,

lines 303, 306; and *Tempest*, Act v., Scene 1, line 205:

"Was Milan thrust from Milan."

127. *The issue of your peace*.—Referring to the treaty between Phillip and John in 1200 A.D.

137. *Ring these fingers*—Adorn these fingers with rings.

155. *I would to heaven I were*.—The subjunctive, *I were*, indicates the contrary fact.

181. *I envy at their liberty*.—*I envy*=I am envious; a transitive verb used intransitively.

190. *Canker-sorrow*.—The noun *canker* is here used as an adjective=cancerous, corroding, eating out, consuming.

199. *That never had a son*.—This clause is attributive to *he*, and=as one who never had a son.

204. *Parts*—Ways, or manners.

Scene. *England*.—Another departure from historical accuracy. Arthur was put in prison in the Castle of Falaise in Normandy, and thence removed to Rouen.

215. *Heat me these irons hot*.—*Hot* is here used adverbially; but its force is not merely to qualify the cognate verb, but to intensify its meaning. They are to make the irons as hot as possible.

225. *As little prince*.—Another instance of Shakespeare's fondness for introducing a play upon words in the most serious circumstances. Compare *Richard III.*, Part II., line 123.

229. *But I*.—We should expect *but me*. The construction is, *but I* should be sad.

233. *So I were out of prison*.—Note the use of *so* as a conjunction of condition. The construction is elliptical for, *if it were*

so that I were out of prison. Compare, "so you would love me," in the last line of this speech.

276. *Nor never*.—A double negative, in Shakespeare's time, strengthened the negation.

281. *Heat, for heated*. See Book I., 106 (174).

290. *No tongue but Hubert's*.—Supply, *I will believe*, to govern this phrase.

296. *What, for why*, is common in O. E. Compare—

"*What schulde I alday of his wo endite?*" Chaucer.

This construction is called the "accusative of reference." *Bolsterous-rough*.—Notice the number of compound words put into Arthur's mouth: "stubborn-hard," "bolsterous-rough," "stone-still," "mercy-lacking."

306. *From*—Away from. Compare—"From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony." *Macbeth*, Act iii., Scene 4, line 38.

321. *Must needs want pleading*.—Must needs fall short, or fail, in pleading.

330. *Being create for comfort*.—Attributive phrase to *fire*. Construction: the fire, being created for comfort, is dead with grief at being used in undeserved extremes. *Create, for created*. See *heat*, line 281.

333. *His spirit*.—*His* neuter for *its*.

352. *But*.—That not: "your uncle must not know that you are not dead;" or, "must not know anything but that you are dead."

354. *Sleep doubtless*;—i.e., free from doubt or fear.

358. *Go closely in*.—Follow me secretly and with caution.

PART II.

Line 6. *The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt*.—Supply *were*. The allegiance of your subjects has not been tarnished by revolt: it needs not, therefore, to be renewed.

9. *To be possessed with double pomp*.—To be invested with double ceremony.

19. *And more, &c.*—I shall induce you with more and stronger reasons when my fear is less. *Then, for when*.—The use of the demonstratives as relatives is common in O. E. Chaucer uses *ther* for *where*. In A.-S. the article *se* was used as a relative.

In Ger. *der* is so used; and in English *that* is used for *which*.

25. *To sound the purposes*.—To express the wishes or resolution.

27. *Your safety*.—Supply *for*. *The which*.—The relative used as a noun. See Book I., 83 (177), 128 (71).

33. *Why then your fears... should*.—Why then *is it that* your fears should move you, &c. This is the "dangerous argument," the question which people are asking themselves: If you have a right to the crown, why should you imprison Arthur?

35. *To choke his days with barbarous ignorance*—To deny him the advantages of education.

41. *Which for our goods, &c.*—We do not ask this for our own advantage further than that is bound up in your welfare.

43. *He have.*—For *that he should have*. The subjunctive mood, implying that he has not his liberty now.

46. *The man should.*—For the man who should. On the ellipsis of the nominative relative, see Book I., 81 (239), 86 (232).

51. *'Tis done, what.*—"That is done which" would be the modern idiom; but "it what" is strictly correct. *It* is the neuter of the demonstrative, *what* is the neuter of the relative. Compare—

"*What* you have spoke, *it* may be so perchance."—*Macbeth*, Act iv., Scene 3.

But Shakespeare habitually uses *what* without a correlative expressed:

"*What* he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won."—*Macbeth*, Act i., Scene 2.

And *who*, with the same ellipsis:

"*Who* was the thane, lives yet."

—*Macbeth*, Act i., Scene 3.

68. *The shears of destiny.*—A reference to the *Parcae*, the goddesses of Destiny in classical mythology. They were three in number—*Clotho*, the spinner of the thread of life; *Lachesis*, who determined man's lot; and *Atropos*, the inevitable, who was armed with an instrument to cut the thread of life.

77. *The while.*—*While* is properly a noun (A.-S. *hwil*, time), and is here the "objective of duration." The phrase, *the while*, common in Shakespeare, may, however, be regarded as an adverb of time.

87. *From France to England.*—The messenger thus answers the king's question: All in France goes from France to England.

90. *The copy of your speed.*—Compare Part i., line 117.

92. *The tidings comes.*—*Tidings* (things that *tide* or happen) is properly plural—e.g., "*these ill tidings*," line 111—but, like "*news*," it is occasionally used, as here, as a singular. The singular form *tidings* is not used. See Book I., 32 (339), 107 (155). *Are arrived.*—Many intransitive verbs signifying motion form their perfect tense with the auxiliary *be*, instead of *have*; e.g., "*are come*," "*were crept*," "*is ascended*," "*is run*," "*is walked*." The forms with *have* are also used. The difference seems to be, that "*have arrived*" refers to the completed

action, "*are arrived*" to the present state. In the latter case, "*arrived*" is to be regarded rather as an adjective than as a participle.

102. *If*—Whether.

125. *The whilst.*—This phrase, equivalent to "*the while*" (see line 77), usually an adverb, is here a conjunction. For an example of its adverbial use see *Richard II.*, Part iii., line 198.

130. *A many thousand*—For *many a thousand*; that is, many times a thousand, or many thousands. But the article *a* is often used before a numeral adjective (*a many, a few*) to indicate that the things to which it refers are to be regarded as one mass. Compare "*an eight days*" (*Luke* ix. 28), "*a fortnight*," "*a many merry men*."

138. *No had!*—Hubert's meaning is plain, though the expression, from its brevity, is obscure. He means, obviously. "*Had I no cause, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?*" Some editions have "*none had*;" but this does not make the meaning clearer, while it may even suggest a different interpretation.

151. *Make deeds ill done.*—The subject of *make* is *sight*; it should therefore have been *makes*; but the intervention of two plurals (*means* and *deeds*) probably led to the use of the plural verb. The transposition of the adjective and noun—*deeds ill* for *ill deeds*—is made for the sake of the rhythm. It is better that the accent should fall upon *deeds* than upon *ill*.

165. *As*—Such as.

166. *Had struck me.*—The conditional mood for *would have struck me*.

193. *Make them tame*—Subdue them, reconcile them.

243. *Not for my life.*—He dares not, for his life, brave (or defy) a nobleman; but he dares defend his innocent life against an emperor.

246. *Do not prove me so*—Do not make me a murderer by tempting me to kill you.

252. *Wert, for wouldst be*, is conditional, like *had* for *would have* in line 166.

262. *Hour*, in this line, must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

316. *Cloak and cincture.*—The folio has "*cloak and centre*." The emendation, now generally accepted, is Pope's.

Scene. *Swinstead Abbey.*—The historical account gives Newark as the scene of King John's death. See Introduction.

342. *I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan.*—Referring to Pembroke's "even

now he sung." This is the most perfect and beautiful of Shakespeare's allusions to the death-song of the swan. See *Merchant of Venice*, Part II., line 73.

347. *That indigest, which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.*—Compare Ovid: "*Quem dixere chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.*" *That indigest*—That chaos. Shakespeare uses the adjective *indigest* in his *Sonnets* (cxiv., line 5), "monsters and things *indigest*."

374. *To set mine eye.*—In time to close mine eyes.

383. *Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer him;*—i.e., God only knows how we are to meet him here. Note the insertion of the pronoun *he* after *heaven*. This construction usually occurs when the noun subject is separated from its verb by an explanatory clause. The subject is then, for the sake of clearness, often repeated in the form of a pronoun, e.g.:

"For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—*Coleridge*.

386. *In the Washes.*—See Introduction to Notes, under the year 1216.

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.	A Roman Herald.
TITUS LARTIUS, } <i>generals against the</i>	Lieutenant to Aufidius.
COMINIUS, } <i>Volscians.</i>	Conspirators with Aufidius.
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.	VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } <i>tribunes of the peo-</i>	VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } <i>ple.</i>	Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians,
YOUNG MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.	Aediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes-
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Vol-	sengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other
scians.	Attendants.

SCENE: Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.

THE ARGUMENT.

PART I.—THE citizens of Rome are in mutiny against the Patricians, whom they blame for withholding bread from them in time of famine. The chief object of their fury is Caius Marcius (afterwards Coriolanus), who has proposed that the supplies of corn should not be given to the people unless they agree to give up their tribuneships.* He is a haughty, impetuous, and intolerant Patrician, who speaks harshly to the people, calling them "rogues," "curs," and other offensive names. News arrives that the Volscs, under Tullus Aufidius, are preparing to make war upon Rome. The Senate dispatches an army to Corioli against them, under Cominius and Lartius. Marcius accompanies them. The armies meet under the walls of Corioli. Marcius performs prodigies of valour. Single-handed, he drives the Volscs into the city, and "following the fliers," alone of all the Romans he is shut within the gates. All blood-bespattered, he fights his way out again; but the blood is that of Volscs, not his own. For this exploit Cominius awards him the garland of the war, and hails him as Caius Marcius CORIOLANUS.

PART II.—On his return to Rome he is nominated Consul; but his appointment requires to be confirmed by the people. His proud spirit revolts against the submission which custom requires him to make to them, and the flattery which he is expected to bestow upon them, in order to gain their votes. He tries to command his fiery temper, but fails; and he is not only refused the consulship, but is condemned to exile by the *comitia* of the tribes.

PART III.—Panting for revenge, and sacrificing patriotism to personal animosity, he betakes himself to the Volscs, and offers to Aufidius, his former foe, his services against Rome. Elated by his presence, the Volscs equip an army for the invasion of the Roman territory, of which Aufidius and Coriolanus are the leaders. Though these rivals are apparently reconciled, Aufidius is evidently jealous and distrustful of his late conqueror. When the army arrives within sight of Rome, Menenius, an aged senator

* See INTRODUCTION to Notes, p. 202.

and former friend, tries to dissuade him from attacking the city; but his appeal is fruitless. At length he is visited by his mother, his wife, and his young son, and their tears and entreaties succeed in turning him from his purpose. But he does not return to Rome. He retires with the Volsces to Antium, and there he is basely murdered by conspirators in league with Aufidius, whose jealousy of the noble Roman is revived by the failure of the alliance from which he expected a glorious revenge.

Shakespeare's sympathies are evidently with Coriolanus; not as the champion of Patrician intolerance, but as a truly grand individual character, in whom the spirit of caste was ennobled by the crown of martyrdom. The poet was also misled, doubtless, by the notion, current until very recent times, that the Roman Plebs were a vulgar, ignorant, and despicable rabble. This error apart, nothing is more remarkable in the Play than the extraordinary power with which he has grasped, and the life-like faithfulness with which he has depicted, the "political situation" in Rome at the time to which the tragedy relates.

PART I.

SCENE—ROME: A STREET.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away. 10

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius? 20

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous. 31

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.—[*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so! 40

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling* this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care 50

Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it; and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,*

You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies. 60

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will: and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accused of folly. 70

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious* rogues, That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs, That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you, 80
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, To make him worthy whose offence subdues him, And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness, Deserves your hate; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends 90
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye? With every minute you do change a mind, And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter, That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say, 100
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise, Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out Conjectural marriages; making parties strong, And feebling such as stand not in their liking Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough! Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,* And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry 110
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high As I could pick* my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded; For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing* cowardly. But, I beseech you, What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em! They said they were an-hungry; sighed forth proverbs,— That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat, That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not 120
Corn for the rich men only; with these shreds They vented their complainings; which being answered,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
 To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns of the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, 130
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
 Ere so prevailed with me: it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms. 140

Mar. I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means to vent
 Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS
 BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us:
 The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his nobility,
 And were I anything but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together. 150

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
 Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
 Only my wars with him: he is a lion
 That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
 Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
 And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face. 160
 What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
 I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
 Ere stay behind this business.

Men. Oh, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To *Com.*] Lead you on.—

[To *Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

170

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [To the Citizens] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,*

Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Citizens steal away. *Exeunt all but
Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Marked you his lip and eyes?

180

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

190

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—

In whom already he's well-graced,—can not

Better be held nor more attained than by

A place below the first: for what miscarries

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Marcius, "Oh, if he

Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall

Of his demerits* rob Cominius.

200

Bru. Come:

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,

Though Marcius earned them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed

In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear

How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes

Upon this present action.

210

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—BEFORE CORIOLI.

Enter with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains, and Soldiers. Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
 You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
 Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorred
 Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home, 220
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't. Come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volscies fly, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are open.* Now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like. [*Enters the gates.*
First Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcus is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in. 230
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
 [*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcus?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
 Clapped to their gates: he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcus: 240
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish; not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes, but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

Oh, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

250

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE—A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Alarum as in battle. Enter from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf.

We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy.* Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger* die the other's slave,
And the gods doom* him after!

Auf.

If I fly, Marcius,

Holloa me like a hare.

Mar.

Within these three hours, Tullus, 260
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me masked; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf.

Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Aufidius.]

Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.

Officious, and not valiant,—you have shamed me
In your condemnèd seconds.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE—THE ROMAN CAMP.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, from one side, COMINIUS with the Romans; from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work, 270
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier."
 Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
 Having fully dined before.

280

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison:
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
 As you have done; that's what I can: induced
 As you have been; that's for my country:
 He that has but effected his good will
 Hath overta'en mine act.

290

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
 The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings; and to silence that
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,
 Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
 In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
 To hear themselves remembered.

300

Com. Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
 And tent* themselves with death. Of all the horses,—
 Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,—of all
 The treasure in this field achieved, and city,
 We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
 But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
 And stand upon my common part with those
 That have beheld the doing.

310

A long flourish. They all cry "Marcius! Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
 Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
 I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-faced soothing!*
 When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
 Let him be made a coverture for the wars!

320

No more, I say! For that I have not washed
 My nose that bled, or foiled some debile* wretch,—
 Which, without note, here's many else have done,—
 You shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I loved my little should be dieted
 In praises sauced with lies.

Com.

Too modest are you;

More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience, 330
 If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you,
 Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles;
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear 340
 The addition* nobly ever!

[*Flourish.* Trumpets sound, and drums.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

PART II.

SCENE—ROME: THE CAPITOL.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. CORIOLANUS stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volscies, and
 To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
 As the main point of this our after-meeting,
 To gratify* his noble service, that
 Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
 Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
 The present consul, and last general
 In our well-found successes, to report
 A little of that worthy work performed
 By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom 10
 We meet here both to thank, and to remember*
 With honours like himself.

First Sen.

Speak, good Cominius:

Leave nothing out for length, and make us think

Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we, to stretch it out.—[*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the
people,

We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented* 20
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak? 30

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—[*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay,
keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again 40
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbenched* you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed* not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit 50
To hear my nothings monstered. [*Exit.*]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver:* if it be, 60
The man I speak of cannot in the world

Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head* for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, 70
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
 He lurched* all swords of the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: he stopped the fliers;
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before 80
 A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
 And fell below his stem: his sword, (death's stamp,)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries! alone he entered
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And, with a sudden reinforcement, struck
 Corioli like a planet: now all's his:
 When, by and by, the din of war*gan pierce 90
 His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,*
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we called
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him. 100

Com. Our spoils he kicked at,
 And looked upon things precious as they were
 The common muck of the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
 Let him be called for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear. 110

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you.
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you 120
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot* of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well 130
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, "Thus I did, and thus;"—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour. 140

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—THE SAME: THE FORUM.

Enter seven or eight Citizens, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

150

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mocked us when he begged our voices.

Third Cit.

Certainly

He flouted* us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have showed us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

160

Citizens.

No, no: no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in
private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "agèd custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was, "I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you." Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't;

170

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru.

Could you not have told him,

As you were lessoned,—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

180

Sic.

Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advised, had touched his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And passed him unelected.

190

Bru.

Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt
 When he did need your loves; and do you think 200
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you
 Ere now denied the asker? and now again,
 Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirmed; we may deny him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him: 210
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They have chose a consul that will from them take
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke 220
 Your ignorant election; enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
 How in his suit he scorned you: but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,*
 Which most gibingly,* ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
 A fault on us, your tribunes; that we laboured
 No impediment between, but that you must 230
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
 More after our commandment than as guided
 By your own true affections; and that your minds,
 Preoccupied with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,—
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued: and what stock he springs of, 240
 The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;
 And Censorinus nobly namèd so,

Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought 250
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling* his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixèd enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all 260
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol: come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own, 270
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

[*When Coriolanus next appears in the streets of Rome, he is surrounded by a rabble of citizens, who threaten to seize him and bear him to the Tarpeian Rock. He draws his sword. A riot follows, in which the tribunes, the aediles, and the people are driven in.*]

SCENE—A ROOM IN CORIOLANUS'S HOUSE.

Enter CORIOLANUS with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse* my mother 280
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :
Why did you wish me milder ? would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, sir, sir, sir, 290
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not showed them how ye were disposed
Ere they lacked power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.
A Patrician. Ay, and burn too. 300

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too
rough :

You must return and mend it.
First Sen. There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counselled :
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman ! 310
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ? 320

Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush !
Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,—how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

330

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

340

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

350

Men. Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve* so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee* now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretched it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing* the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier; and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

360

370

Men. This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being asked, as free
As words to little purpose,

Vol. Prithee* now,

Go, and be ruled : although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, 380
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place ; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calunness, or by absence : all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed scone ?* 390
Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
A lie that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place !
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so, 400
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't :
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be turned,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Sinall as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of knaves
Tent* in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue 410
Make motion through my lips ; and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms !—I will not do't,
Lest I surcease* to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then :
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin : let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear 420
Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;
But owe* thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content :

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog* their hearts from them, and come home beloved
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery further. 430

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
 To answer mildly; for they are prepared
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is "mildly." Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour. 440

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—THE SAME: THE FORUM.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
 Enforce him with his envy* to the people,
 And that the spoil got on the Antiates
 Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Aedile.

What! will he come?

Aed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied? 450

Aed. With old Menenius, and those senators
 That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
 Of all the voices that we have procured
 Set down by the poll?

Aed. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Aed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
 And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
 I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
 For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
 If I say fine, cry "Fine;" if death, cry "Death;"
 Insisting on the old prerogative
 And power i' the truth o' the cause. 460

Aed. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

470

Aed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint.
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit Aedile.*]

Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

480

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honoured gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

First Sen.

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

490

Re-enter Aedile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Aed. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace. I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri.

Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

500

As shall be proved upon you?

Cor.

I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor.

Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only.

Men.

Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

510

You find him like a soldier : do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy* you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That, being passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonoured that, the very hour,
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

520

Cor. Say, then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! traitor ?

Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people !
Call me their traitor ! Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers,—I would say
"Thou liest," unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

530

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

540

Bru. But since he hath

Served well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother ?

550

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent* to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying "Good morrow."

Sic.

For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time
 Envied* against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it;—in the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city,
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
 I say it shall be so. 560 570

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banished, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for Rome
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good with a respect more tender,
 More holy and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate; then if I would
 Speak that— 580

Sic. We know your drift: speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banished,
 As enemy to the people and his country:
 It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry* of curs! whose breath I hate
 As reek* o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
 And here remain with your uncertainty!
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders; till at length
 Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
 Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you as most
 Abated* captives to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere. 590 600

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
 Senators, and Patricians.*]

Aed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banished! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath followed you, with all despite:
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come; let's see him out at gates; come. 610
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come. [*Exeunt.*]

PART III.

SCENE—ANTIUM: A HALL IN AUFIDIUS'S HOUSE.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Enter first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*]

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, in being Coriolanus.

Enter AUFIDIUS with second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*]

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name? 10

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn, 20
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not: thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done,
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname,—a good memory, 30

And witness of the malice and displeasure
 Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
 The cruelty and the envy* of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
 And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whooped out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
 Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
 I had feared death, of all the men i' the world 40
 I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak* in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my cankered country with the spleen 50
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou darrest not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame,—unless
 It be to do thee service. 60

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
 And say "Tis true," I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grainèd ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarred the moon with splinters: here I clip* 70
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married,—never man
 Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt* heart
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,*
 Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out*
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting* each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. *Worthy Marcius,*
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. Oh, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down—
 As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than ere an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand; most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

SCENE—THE TENT OF CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
 Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
 You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
 I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
 You have respected; stopped your ears against
 The general suit of Rome; never admitted
 A private whisper, no, not with such friends
 That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
 Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
 Loved me above the measure of a father;
 Nay, godded* me, indeed. Their latest refuge

Was to send him : for whose old love I have
 (Though I showed sourly to him) once more offered
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept ; to grace him only
 That thought he could do more, a very little
 I have yielded to : fresh embassies and suits,
 Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ? [Shout within.
 Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 130
 In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young
 MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honoured mould
 Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
 What is that curtsy worth, or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn ?—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should 140
 In supplication nod : and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, " which,"
 Great Nature cries, " deny not."—Let the Volscies
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy : I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed 150
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
 For that, " Forgive our Romans."—Oh, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgined it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate, 160
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ;
 Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons. [Kneels.

Vol. Oh, stand up blest !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee ; and improperly *

Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*
170

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip* the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help* to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdied* by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.—Dear Valeria! 180

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,*
And saving those that eye thee! 190

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate 200
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons—

Vol. Oh, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already. Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us. 210

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray* what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow ;
 Making the mother, wife, and child to see 220
 The son, the husband, and the father tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find 230
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles through our streets ; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune till
 These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 240
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country than to tread—
 Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's form,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Young Mar. A' shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be, 250
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volscs whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscs
 May say, " This mercy we have showed ; " the Romans,
 " This we received ; " and each in either side 260
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be blest
 For making up this peace ! " Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,

Whose repetition will be dogged with curses ;
 Whose chronicle thus writ : " The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;
 Destroyed his country ; and his name remains
 To the ensuing age abhorred." Speak to me, son : 270
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the world 280
 More bound to's mother ; yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Showed thy dear mother any courtesy,
 When she, poor hen, foud of no second brood,
 Has clucked * thee to the wars and safely home,
 Laden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away : 290
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
 This is the last : so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold's :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ; 300
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hushed until our city be a-fire,
 And then I'll speak a little. [*He holds her by the hand, silent.*
Cor. O mother, mother !
 What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,*
 The gods look down ; and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! oh !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
 But, for your son,—believe it, oh, believe it,— 310
 Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, 320
What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and, pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.—[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ;—[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-sealed. 330
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—ROME: A PUBLIC PLACE.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign * o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger,
there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't : our throats are
sentenced, and stay upon execution. 340

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a
man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly ; yet your
butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon ;
he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now
than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe
grapes : when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading : he is able to pierce a corslet with his
eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished
with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a
heaven to throne in. 354

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother

shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us.

360

Men. No ; in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house :
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic.

What's the news ?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news ! the ladies have prevailed !
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone ! 371
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic.

Friend,

Art thou certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire :
Where have you lurked, that you make doubt of it ?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomfirmed through the gates. Why, hark you !

[*Trumpets ; hautboys ; drums beat ; all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, 380
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [A shout within.

Men.

This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full : of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have prayed well to-day :
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit.* Hark, how they joy !

[*Music still, with shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings ; next, 390
Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess.

Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic.

They are near the city ?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic.

And help the joy.

We will meet them,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—THE SAME: A STREET NEAR THE GATE.

Enter two Senators with VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c., passing over the stage, followed by Patricians, and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them: 400
Unshout the noise that banished Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE—ANTIUM: A PUBLIC PLACE.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse, 410
The city ports by this hath entered, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS's faction.

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein 420
You wished us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits 430
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heightened,
He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,

He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of :
Being banished for't, he came unto my hearth ; 440
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files,* his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; served his designments
In mine own person ; help* to reap the fame
Which he did end, all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seemed his follower, not partner ; and
He waged* me with his countenance as if 450
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marvelled at it ; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it :
For which my sinews shall be stretched upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum,* which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : therefore shall he die, 460
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*]

First Con. Your native town you entered like a post,
And had no welcomes home : but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats' tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword, 470
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more :
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
. What I have written to you ?

Lords.

We have.

480

First Lord.

And grieve to hear't.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but, there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colours; Commoners
being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

490

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now?

Auf.

Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor.

Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

510

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say "your city,"—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but, at his nurse's tears,
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering each at other.

520

Cor.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor.

Ha!—

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion— 530
Who wears my stripes impressed upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. Boy! 540

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All the people. Tear him to pieces.—Do it presently.—He killed
my son;—My daughter.—He killed my cousin Marcus.—He killed
my father.

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds-in 550
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw and kill Coriolanus:*
Aufidius stands on his body.

Auf. My rage is gone:
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up.— 560
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel spikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

INTRODUCTION.—This tragedy, like *Julius Caesar*, was first printed in the folio of 1623; and there are peculiarities of expression and of general treatment which point to the conclusion that it was produced in the last of the three stages into which Shakespeare's literary life is commonly divided. He undoubtedly derived the materials of the plot from North's "Plutarch," where all the chief incidents of the play, and the substance of many of the speeches, are to be found.

The story of Coriolanus belongs to the early history of the Roman Republic (for the most part legendary rather than authentic), when that contest for power between the Patricians and the Plebeians arose, which, for more than a century and a half, continued to agitate Rome. The ascendancy which the Patricians acquired after the expulsion of the Kings, was employed by them to oppress and degrade the Plebeians by every means in their power. The Plebeians, resenting the indignities and cruelties to which they were subjected, claimed a voice in the government, and demanded a share of the *ager publicus*, or public land; which, after the expulsion of the Kings, to whom it belonged, had been seized by the Patricians and divided amongst themselves.

Accordingly, in 494 B.C., the Plebeians effected their famous secession to *Mons Sacer*, where they determined to found a new city. The Patricians, alarmed by this serious demonstration, sent deputies to treat with them. The Plebeians agreed to return to Rome on certain concessions being granted to them, and on the Patricians agreeing, as a guarantee of good faith, that they should be allowed to appoint annually from their own order two tribunes of the Plebs, who should be their representatives in the government. These concessions, especially that of the tribuneship, greatly incensed many of the Patricians against them; and it is during the continuance of this feeling of mutual distrust that the play opens. The continuation of the narrative will be found in the ARGUMENT.

PART I.

Line 3. Rather to die than to famish.—There was at this time a famine in Rome, from which the Plebeians suffered most severely. Corn sufficient to relieve their distress had arrived from Sicily; but its gratuitous distribution amongst the Plebs was opposed in the Senate, chiefly by Caius Marcius (afterwards Coriolanus), whose proud patrician spirit was roused by certain concessions which had been granted to the people, particularly by the appointment of tribunes of the people, referred to in line 129.

12. Good—Rich.

14. While it were wholesome.—It were, subjunctive mood, because subordinate to a condition.

17. Our sufferance is a gain to them.—Because they fatten upon what should be ours; but also because they are pleased to see us suffer.

18. Ere we become rakes.—The pun was no doubt suggested by the proverb, "As lean as a rake," applied by Chaucer to the clerk of Oxenford's horse,—

"Al-so lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake."

Canterbury Tales, *Prolog.*, line 289.

23. And could be content.—Supply *I* or *we*, as subject of *could*.

24. But.—Here a conjunction of negative condition = if it were not.

26. To that end.—For personal pride.

32. If I must not.—Granting that he is not covetous, he has abundance of other faults.

54. Will on the way it takes.—Will pursue, follow its own way. We may supply the verb *go*—will go on; but there can be no objection to calling on a verb here, as *out* is in "murder will out."

57. For the dearth.—With reference to the dearth.

87. And curse that justice did it.—And your virtue (your morality or principle) is to curse that justice which did it; which subdued you. Note the omission of the relative. *Who deserves greatness, deserves your hate.*—The correlative of *who* is omitted, and the first clause is the subject of the second. See Book I., 106 (201).

93. *You do change a mind.*—A here is probably the abbreviated form of the A.-S. preposition *on* or *an*, meaning *in*. Compare,—

"Each particular hair to stand *an*, end."

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5, line 19.

It is the *o*' in *o'clock*. Thus, in the folio,—

"What is't a clocke?"

Richard III., Act v., Scene 3, line 46.

See also note on line 118; and on Part III., line 293.

105. *Side.*—Infinitive, governed by *they'll*; they will, sitting by the fire, arrange factions, &c.

109. *Would the nobility.*—Subjunctive mood: if the nobility would lay aside their pity.

110. *A quarry*—A heap of dead; applied to game.

111. *Quartered slaves*.—Slaves who should be quartered; that is, punished by "quartering," if I had my way.

118. *An-hungry.*—The prefix *an* is the A.-S. *on* or *in*, as in *a-thirst*. Compare—"He was afterward *an* hungered" (*Math.* iv. 2).

124. *To break*—Fitted to break. The phrase qualifies "petition."

133. *Ere so prevailed with me*—Ere they should have so prevailed. Compare line 164.

141. *On*=of.

143. *It....that, for that....which.*

149. *He.*—Grammar requires *him*. Shakespeare frequently confounded the cases of the pronouns. See Book I., 130 (218).

159. *Constant*—True to my promise.

164. *Ere stay*—Ere I will stay. Compare line 183. *Ere*—Rather than. *Ere* means "before," and *rather* means "sooner:" both express preference.

170. *Right worthy you priority*—You being well worthy of priority.

185. *Too proud to be*—Too proud of being, or because he is so valiant.

191. *At the which.*—For, the thing at which: an example of the relative used elliptically as a noun.

194. *A place below the first.*—Brutus here ascribes to Coriolanus the mean desire to hold a secondary place, on the ground that he will get the credit of all successes, and will escape the blame of failures.

197. *Of*=concerning.

201. *Of his demerits*—Of his merits. Formerly the two words were synonymous. See VOCABULARY.

203. *Are to Marcius*—Will be given to Marcius. The present tense used for the certain future.

209. *His singularity*—His well-known disposition.

231. *To the pot, I warrant him*—He is safe to be destroyed.

236. *Clapped to.*—To is here an adverb, modifying *clapped*. See Book I., 67 (560).

250. *Or make remain alike*—Or cause ourselves to remain, as he does.

255. *Thy fume I envy.*—The folio reads *and envy*; but that reading can only give a good meaning by overstraining the construction. The emendation, which is Mr. Collier's, seems quite warrantable. Here *envy* means "hate."

262. *'Tis not my blood*—It is not my own blood with which I am smeared, but the blood of your countrymen whom I have slain. *It....wherein, for that....in which.*

266. *The whip of your bragged progeny.*—Progeny is here used for progenitors, as the Romans boasted that they were descended from the Trojans. *The whip* means the scourge which the Trojans possessed in Hector.

271. *Thou'lt.*—We should expect *thou wouldst* after *if I should*; but Shakespeare, in excited passages, often disregards the proper consecution of the tenses.

275. *Gladly quaked*—Glad to be terrified by the story of your deeds.

289. *He that has but effected his good will, &c.*—I have done but a part of what I wished to do. He that has done all he wished has far excelled me.

299. *Before our army hear me.*—Hear is infinitive, governed by *beseech*. I beseech you to hear me in presence of our army, not as a reward of your deeds, but only in token of what you are.

302. *Should they not*—If they should not smart.

323. *Without note*—Without being noticed, as I have been.

332. *His proper harm*—His own harm.

335. *The which*—For, *which thing*, namely, that he "wears this war's garland." *Which*, here, must be parsed as a noun.

PART II.

Line 1. *Having determined of the Volscæ*—Having come to a resolution with reference to the Volscæ. An absolute phrase, with *we* understood.

12. *Like himself*—Becoming him.

14. *For*—on account of.

15. *Rather our state's defective for requital*—That any shortcoming in requital is due rather to our circumstances, or the forms of the constitution, than to our personal feeling.

28. *That's off*—That is off, or away from the point.

40. *I had rather have*—For, *I would rather have*. *I had* usually, and quite accurately, signifies *I would have*; but here *have* is expressed. The correct construction would be, "I had rather my wounds to heal again." Probably the construction in the text arose from *I'd* being the common abbreviation both of *I had* and *I would*.

41. *Hear say*—Hear the saying of how I got them. *Say* is the infinitive. Hence the noun *hearsay*=rumour.

45. *I fled*—For *I have fled*: another instance of wrong consecution of tenses. See above. Part I., line 271.

47. *As they weigh*—According to their value.

50. *When the alarm were struck* (i.e. at noon).—*Were struck* is conditional mood, under the regimen of *I had rather*.

56. *On's ears*—Of his ears. See Part I., line 141.

63. *When Tarquin made a head for Rome*—When Tarquin raised an army to secure the royalty of Rome. The Tarquin referred to is Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the seven kings, who, instigated by his wife Tullia, the daughter of Servius Tullius, obtained the crown by the murder of his father-in-law.

66. *With his Amazonian chin*—With his smooth chin, as of a woman-warrior.

71. *When he might act the woman in the scene*—When he might have acted a female part on the stage. See Part I., line 271; and Part II., line 45. In early times the female characters were taken by beardless boys. Female players were first brought on the stage by Davenant, after the Restoration.

76. *He lurch'd all swords of the garland*—He deprived all other warriors of the laurel. To *lurch* is to disappoint by beat-

ing, as in a race or contest. It is taken from the noun *lurch* in the expression, "to leave in the lurch;" i.e., in a disappointed or forlorn state. *Lurch* is used intransitively in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the sense of to play the lurcher, to dodge: "I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch."—Act II., Scene 1.

78. *Speak him home*—Describe him adequately, or do him justice.

90. *'Gan pierce his ready sense*—Began to strike his keen spirit.

99. *He cannot but with measure fit the honours*—It must be that he deserves the honours.

102. *As they were*—As if they were.

106. *To spend the time to end it*—To make his occupation its end or reward.

128. *Your honour with your form*—While you take the honour, comply with the form or custom of the state.

165. *But by your voices*—Unless with your voices.

178. *The weal*—The commonwealth. *Arriving a place of potency*—Reaching a position of power. *Arrive* is here used transitively. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, Act I., Scene 2, line 110—

"But ere he could arrive the point proposed."

Compare, also, *listen*, Book I., 81 (74).

204. *Against the rectorship of judgment*—Why had you no tongues to protest against your judgment being over-ruled?

206. *Again*—On the other hand. This, the literal meaning of *again* (on the contrary), is retained in "against."

207. *Of*—On. *Bestow*.—Supply you.

220. *Enforce his pride*—Impress his pride upon the people.

229. *That we labour'd no impediment between*—Lay the blame on us, of having interposed no impediment between you and his election.

237. *To voice him consul*—To vote him consul.

261. *In*—In the matter of, concerning.

274. *The Tarpeian Rock*—A rock on the Capitoline Hill, from which traitors were wont to be hurled; so called from Tarpeia, who betrayed the Capitol to the Sabines. Tempted by the promise of what the Sabine soldiery bore on their left arms, she expected their armlets, but was crushed

to death by their shields, and was buried at the base of the rock, which ever afterwards bore her name.

284. *When one but of my ordinance—* When but one of my order or rank.

298. *Ere they lacked power to cross you—* Before the time when they had no power to cross you.

307. *I have a heart as little apt as yours—* My heart is as little inclined as yours is to humour the commons.

314. *Which I can scarcely bear.—* Because he is "old Menenius." See line 451.

325. *Tell me....what each of them by the other lose, &c.—* Why honour and policy should not combine in peace, as well as in war.

331. *Which....you adopt your policy—* Which you adopt as your policy.

336. *Why force you this?—* Why do you urge this?

337. *Because that now, &c.—* The general drift of Volumnia's argument is: If it is a point of honour to save blood—for example, in negotiating with a hostile city, by using politic words—is it not equally honourable to save the peace of Rome by speaking fair words to the citizens, even though these words are unnatural, and against the grain of your heart?

344. *To take in a town—* To subdue it.

393. *This single plot—* His body.

396. *Such.....which—* For such....that it.

406. *Which quired with my drum—* May my throat of war, which has hitherto sounded in concert with my drum, be turned into a pipe, &c.

424. *But owe thy pride thyself.—* To owe is here to own, in the sense of to acknowledge, as a parent acknowledges a child. I

will take the credit, or the blame, of thy valiantness, Volumnia says, but your pride is your own.

476. *To have his worth—* To have his full share.

484. *Will bear the knave by the volume—* Will suffer himself to be befooled to any extent.

523. *Seasoned office—* Accustomed or established office.

530. *Within thine eyes sat.—* A conditional clause: *If* within thine eyes sat, &c. So also (*If thou*) *clutched*.

536. *To the rock.—* That is, the Tarpeian Rock. See line 274, and note.

548. *That know it.—* Adjective clause, describing *I*, and therefore first person. Note that the relative clause, though grammatically attached to the subject, really refers to the object: "I talk of that which I know."

559. *For that =* because, may be regarded as a compound conjunction, subordinating "he has envied," &c., to "we banish him our city." Strictly speaking, however, *for* is here a preposition, governing the noun clause, "that he has envied." See Dalglish's "Grammatical Analysis," Section 88 (b).

563. *Given—* For he has given. *Not =* not only.

581. *Estimate—* Esteem, or estimation.

592. *And here remain.—* Imperative mood. He sentences them to remain here with their fickleness.

597. *Which finds not till it feels—* Which does not find itself out until it is made to suffer physically.

601. *That won you.—* That has won you would be more correct; but Coriolanus vividly represents their subjugation as an accomplished fact.

PART III.

Line 7. *But for disturbing.—* A phrase of condition: *If* it had not been that I would have disturbed.

30. *A good memory—* A good memorial; in apposition with "surname."

35. *The rest—* That is, the rest of the gratitude I might have expected.

67. *Where against—* Against which. *Where* must be parsed as a relative pronoun, unless *whereagainst* is printed as one word, like "whereupon."

69. *I clip the anvil of my sword—* I embrace you, who have been hitherto as the anvil of my sword.

75. *That I see thee here—* Because I see thee here, my rapt heart dances.

87. *To =* against.

104. *Ere destroy—* Ere you destroy them.

116. *Such friends that—* Such friends as, or those friends that.

144. *I'll never be such a goosing to obey*

instinct.—He here recovers his obstinacy, which, at the sight of his mother, wife, and son, had begun to waver.—I will never be such a fool as to yield to natural feeling; but I shall stand firm, as if there were no such thing as ties of kindred.

149. *I wore*.—I delighted in. He speaks of his wife's eyes as if they were his own jewels.

167. *And improperly show duty, &c.*—*Improperly* here means in a manner the reverse of what is proper to me, or my peculiar right. Piety is *properly* owed by a child to a parent. When it is paid by a mother to a son, it is shown *improperly*; and Volumnia, in humiliating herself before her son, acknowledges his superiority, and indicates that the claim of duty has been "mistaken all this while between the child and parent." In Act v., Scene 2, Coriolanus says,—

"Though I owe

My revenge *properly*;"

i.e., Though my revenge is my own. See also Part i., line 332—"his *proper* (own) harm."

180. *Chaste as the icicle*.—Compare *Hamlet*, Act iii., Scene 1: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

198. *The things I have forsworn to grant, &c.*—You will never induce me to grant what I have sworn not to grant.

222. *To poor we*.—To us poor creatures. Volumnia here forcibly deplets the

dilemma in which she and Valeria are placed. If Rome wins, Coriolanus loses; if Coriolanus wins, Rome loses: both results are to them equally calamitous. On *we* for *us*, see Book I., 130 (218).

265. *Such a name, whose repetition*.—The correlative to *such* is involved in the relative *whose*: "such a name, *that its repetition*."

293. *An end*.—*i.e.*, on end, on your knees. See note, Part i., line 93.

312. *If not most mortal to him*.—If, indeed, the result do not prove fatal to him.

326. *A former fortune*.—A fortune which I promised myself before I combined with Coriolanus.

359. *Is 'long of you*.—Is your fault.

410. *Him I accuse*.—*i.e.*, he whom I accuse. The correlative is attracted into the case of the suppressed relative.

431. *Who being so heightened*.—An absolute phrase.

447. *Which he did end, all his*.—Which (*fame*) he made an end of, all being his; *i.e.*, by making all his.

471. *Which*.—Namely, his feeling your sword.

489. *I am returned*.—For, I have returned.

495. *Our spoils we have brought home*.—The spoils which we have brought home.

514. *Drops of salt*.—Tears. See line 458, "women's rheum."

520. *That*.—So that.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, <i>King of Naples.</i>	GONZALO, <i>an honest old Counsellor.</i>
SEBASTIAN, <i>his brother.</i>	CALIBAN, <i>a savage and deformed Slave.</i>
PROSPERO, <i>the right Duke of Milan.</i>	MIRANDA, <i>daughter to Prospero.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.</i>	ARIEL, <i>an airy Spirit.</i>
FERDINAND, <i>son to the King of Naples.</i>	

SCENE: *An Island.*

THE ARGUMENT.

PROSPERO, a potent magician, dwells with his daughter Miranda upon a lonely island, the only other inhabitant of which is their slave, a grotesque creature, half-monster, half-man, called Caliban. This Prospero, who is a disinterested and high-minded nobleman, was once Duke of Milan; but, being more a student than a politician, he had intrusted the active government of his State to his brother Antonio. The crafty Antonio proved a traitor. Conspiring with Sebastian, the brother of Alonso, King of Naples, he usurped the dukedom, and prevailed upon Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples, to take Prospero and his daughter out to sea, and to put them on board a "rotten carcass of a boat," in which they were left to their fate. But Gonzalo alone was faithful among the faithless; for he not only supplied them with food and water, but managed to put on board some of Prospero's favourite books. In this frail craft the hapless father and daughter drifted about, till chance brought them to this enchanted island.

PART I.—After twelve years' sojourn here, during which Prospero has devoted himself to his deep studies and to the training of his daughter, fortune at last gives Prospero a noble revenge, by committing his enemies to his mercy. Alonso, accompanied by Ferdinand his son, Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo, has made a voyage to Tunis to marry his daughter to the king of that country. On their return their ship passes near Prospero's island; and Prospero, with the help of his delicate and nimble spirit Ariel, contrives a storm which drives the ship, an unmanageable wreck, upon the coast. Ariel succeeds in separating Ferdinand from his father's party, so that each believes the other to be drowned. Ferdinand and Miranda meet, and fulfil Prospero's wish by instantly becoming enamoured of each other. Their courtship is the perfect ideal of pure, simple, and devoted love on both sides.

PART II.—The magician, with assumed harshness, treats Ferdinand as an impostor, and puts upon him mental offices, which test at once his fidelity, and the tender, womanly sympathy of Miranda. In her simplicity and inexperience, she resents the roughness with which her father treats her lover, and innocently reveals to him the state of her affections.

PART III.—When the lovers have established themselves in one another's confidence, Prospero, with Ariel's help, contrives to bring Alonso and his friends to his cell. He discovers himself to the King as the dethroned Duke of Milan. And when Alonso mourns for

the loss of his son, he matches his grief by lamenting what he calls the loss of his daughter. Alonso has no sooner vowed that, were that son and daughter living, they should be King and Queen of Naples, than Prospero reveals to him Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess. The King is overjoyed at the unexpected recovery of his son, made richer by the love of such a daughter. Antonio, in consternation, resigns his usurped dignity and asks for forgiveness. Prospero embraces the faithful old Gonzalo; pardons, after reproving, his enemies; and resolves to return to his native state.

No single play of Shakespeare's exhibits in more wonderful combination than *The Tempest* the unlimited variety of his powers—fancy and imagination, grandeur and simplicity, judgment and knowledge, cheerfulness and humour. The play abounds in the most striking contrasts of character. The natural, the non-natural, and the super-natural, are all realized with equal power and consistency. The ethereal and sprightly Ariel, and the gross and earthy Caliban, stand at the opposite extremes of existence; but both breathe a poetical atmosphere, which is the touch of nature that makes them kin. Caliban and Miranda, on the other hand, represent the childish simplicity of human nature in its most broadly contrasted phases: in the one, it is combined with the lowest propensities of the savage; in the other, with the highest aspirations of cultured humanity. Prospero as the man of refined intellect, Antonio as the man of action, and Gonzalo as the devotee at once of humanity and of worldly wisdom, present equally striking points of contrast. But Caliban, alternately talking treason and uttering the most exquisite poetry to the drunken sailors, is a combination which the genius of Shakespeare alone could have contrived.

PART I.

SCENE—THE ISLAND; BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO.

A Storm at Sea, in which a Ship has been driven upon the Island.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's* cheek,
Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces! Oh, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or* e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting* souls within her.

10

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

20

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So :

[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue* of compassion in thee, 30

I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid* to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down ;
For thou must now know further.

Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell ?

I do not think thou canst ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old. 40

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house or person ?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else 50
In the dark backward and abysm* of time ?
If thou rememberest aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, *Miranda*, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power ; and thou his only heir
And princess—no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ? 60
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence ;
But blessedly help* hither.

[*Prospero then describes the usurpation of his dukedom by his brother Antonio, and how he and Miranda were turned adrift at sea in "a rotten carcass of a boat," in which they drifted to the island.*]

Mir. And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pros. Know thus far forth :—
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies 70
 Brought to this shore : and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star ; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions :
 Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way : I know thou canst not choose.—

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
 Approach, my Ariel ; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come 80
 To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
 Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
 Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

Ari. To every article :
 I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flamed amazement : sometime * I'd divide, 90
 And burn in many places : on the top-mast,
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly ;
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit !
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil * 100
 Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad, and played
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
 Was the first man that leaped ; cried, " Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit ! 110
 But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot. 120

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship: in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour, 130
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,*
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season. 140

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.
Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!—[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me. 150

Pros. Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak. 160

Cal. [Within] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when! [*Caliban receives his orders, and Exit.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courtied when you have and kissed—
The wild waves whistle*—
Foot it fealty* here and there:
And, sweet spirits, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

170

Burthen [dispersedly].

Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.

180

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

190

Burthen.

Ding-dong.
Ari. Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember* my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.* I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.*

Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lo! how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave* form—but 'tis a spirit.

200

Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural 210
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! 220
If you be maid, or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. Oh, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp 231
The name thou owest* not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come; 240
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful. 250

Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety. [Exeunt. 260]

PART II.

SCENE—BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours
Most busy; least, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father 20
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while:* pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, 30
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected !
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me 40
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest* to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !

Indeed the top of admiration ! worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage 50
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,*
And put it to the foil :* but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen 60
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skillless of ; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition 70
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;—
I would, not so !—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, 80
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded* me to mischief !—I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

90

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!—
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

100

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!—[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

110

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: * but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE—BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third * of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

120

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchased, take my daughter.
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.— 130
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me. 140

Ari. Presently?*

Pros. Ay, with a twink.*

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
 And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.* 150

Pros. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,*
 Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!—
 No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*To Ferd. and Mir.*

[*Prospero performs an incantation, and causes a Masque to be enacted, in vision,
 before them.*]

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself, 160
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed;
 Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind. 170

Fer. Mir.

We wish you peace.

[*Exeunt.*

PART III.

SCENE—BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

Pros. A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly* drops.—The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo, 10
My true preserver, and a loyal sir*
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home,* both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer* in the act;—
Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong), 20
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free. 30

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty* Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art : 40
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
 And presently,* I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or* e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
 Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir king, 50
 The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero !
 For more assurance that a living prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
 Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which, 60
 I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
 An * if this be at all, a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
 Be living, and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be, 70
 Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
 Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all !—
 [Aside to Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so
 minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
 And justify you traitors : at this time
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.—
 For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 80
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault,—all of them ; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since

Were wrecked upon this shore ; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—
My dear son Ferdinand.

90

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and Patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me, as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

100

Alon. A daughter ?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,*
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled* from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely,
Upon this shore where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor

110

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

120

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

130

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [Kneels.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here. 140

Mir. Oh, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave* new world,
That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal; 150
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness! 160

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly* wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo! 170

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? Oh, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own!

Alon. [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your hands: 180
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen! [Exeunt.

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.—It appears from an entry in the "Account of the Revels," preserved in the Audit Court, that this play was first performed on "Hallowmass Night" (November 11), 1611, before King James and his court at Whitehall. The subject of the comedy, with its abundance of supernatural machinery, and its conflict of good and evil spirits, could not fail to interest the royal author of the "Daemonology." No printed copy of the play exists of earlier date than that of the folio of 1623.

In 1609, Sir George Sommers was shipwrecked on the Bermudas, and an account of the disaster, by Silvester Jourdan, one of the crew, was published in England in 1610. This is supposed to have suggested the "still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare; but it must not be supposed that he made literal reference to the Bermudas in the play. His reference to these islands, which were popularly believed to be the abode of demons and witches, was generic rather than specific.

A striking similarity in many particulars has been established between *The Tempest* and a German play entitled *Die Schöne Sidea*, "The Beautiful Sidea," by Jacob Ayrer of Nuremberg, who wrote in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but the probability is that Shakespeare and Ayrer were indebted to the same source,—perhaps an Italian romance not yet discovered.

PART I.

Line 4. *The welkin's cheek*—The face of the sky. Compare, "the cheeks of heaven."

7. *Who had*.—This extension of personification to the relative is unusual.

13. *The fraughting souls within her*—The souls which formed her freight. We still use the adjective *fraught* in the sense of charged, laden; e.g., "a scheme fraught with danger." See VOCABULARY.

20. *Nor that I am*.—Supply *knowing*; "nor *knowing* that I am." *More better*.—A double comparative.

21. *Full*.—Here an adverb, modifying *poor*, = very.

30. *The very virtue of compassion*—The essential strength of compassion.

33. *Not so much perdition as an hair*—*Perdition*=loss; not so much loss as that of an hair. Compare line 114.

35. *Which thou heard'st cry, &c.*—The construction is, "to any creature which thou heard'st cry in the vessel which thou saw'st sink."

40. *Not out three years old*—Not fully three years old; the third year not out or completed.

52. *If thou remember'st, &c.*—If thou remember'st aught (that happened) ere thou camest here, thou may'st (remember) how thou camest here.

70. *Now my dear lady*.—Phrase qualifying "Fortune"—now favouring me.

84. *His quality*—His powers or qualifications.

86. *To point*—To the point, to a nicety, exactly.

90. *Amazement*.—Here, and also in line 15, signifies not simply wonder, but confusion and alarm besides.

92. *Distinctly*—Separately.

97. *Seem*.—Note the change from the past to the "historic present," and its effect in giving vividness to the description.

103. *But*=who not; a negative relative. When so used, *but* is always preceded by *not*, or some other negative, expressed or implied. When *but* is an adverb=only, the preceding negative is now omitted; but it was formerly always expressed; e.g., "I nam but deed" (*Chaucer*),—i.e., I am only (nothing but) dead. *A fever of the mad*—A fit or convulsion of madness.

105. *Quit for quitted*. Many verbs ending in *t* and *d* dispense with the suffix *ed* in old English. Compare, "A certain woman of the company *lift* up her voice." Luke xl. 27 (*Coverdale's Version*). The Authorized Version has *lifted*. Compare Gen. vii. 17. See Book I., 106 (174).

121. *In this sad knot*.—Ariel no doubt here suits the action to the word, and mimicks the prince sitting forlorn, and with his arms folded.

128. *The still-vexed Bermoothes*.—The

Bermuda Islands, off the east coast of America, surrounded by coral-reefs; called *still-veed* from their being constantly exposed to storms. *Still*=always.

131. *For*—With reference to. See Part iii., line 80.

141. *Two glasses*—Two hours, time being measured by the hour-glass.

157. *Miss him*—Do without him.

163. *When*.—An exclamation of impatience. Compare "When! Harry, when!" Shakespeare uses *what!* and *why!* in the same way.

180. *Weeping*.—Here used transitively.

216. *My prayer may know*—I may know in answer to my prayer. *And that you*

will, &c., is a noun clause under the government of *vouchsafe*.

221. *If*=whether.

228. *Both in either's powers*—Each is in the other's power.

234. *On*=if. See also Part iii., line 154.

241. *Manacle*.—This is an example of how a word loses its primary signification. To manacle (from *manus*) is literally to *hand-cuff*. Here it is used in the sense of to chain, or bind generally.

250. *Gentle, and not fearful*—Noble, and not afraid.

254. *Thy ward*—Thy attitude of defence.

255. *This stick*.—Prospero's magic wand.

PART II.

Line 15. *Most busy; least, when I do it*.—This line has been the cause of much speculation. In the first folio it stood—

"Most busie lest, when I doe it."

In the second folio it was altered to—

"Most busie least, when I do it."

It seems best to point the lines thus:—

"But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours

Most busy; least, when I do it."

Busy here means severe, irksome; and the connecting of "most busy" with "labours" seems necessary to give force to the word "even." The interpretation of the passage therefore is: "But these sweet thoughts do refresh my labours even when they are most irksome; and indeed they are least irksome when I do it" (when I indulge in these thoughts).

19. *Set it down*.—Referring to the log he bears.

46. *Admired Miranda*.—The adjective translates the noun, and plays upon Miranda's name.

47. *Top of admiration*—Highest object that can be admired.

55. *Put it to the foil*—Set it off more strikingly, exaggerated it. See VOCABULARY: *Foil*.

79. *Do you love me?*—It is quite in keeping with the artless simplicity of Miranda's

character, and consistent with her insular life, that she should put this question to the first man, after her father, that she had ever seen.

99. *Your fellow*—Your mate, or partner, on a footing of equality.

106. *As bondage e'er of freedom*—(As willing) as bondage ever was glad (willing) of freedom.

114. *Much business appertaining*—Many things bearing upon this affair—the love of Ferdinand and Miranda.

118. *Who*.—Grammar requires *whom*.

123. *Boast her off*—Set her off by boasting.

133. *Thy meaner fellows*—Thy subordinates.

139. *Some vanity of mine art*—Some illusion, magical show.

146. *With nod and mow*—With nods and grimaces.

152. *Bring a corollary*—Bring a superabundance, rather than be short by one spirit. See VOCABULARY.

161. *All which it inherit*—All which inheres in it, exist upon it.

163. *Leave not a rack behind*.—*Rack* has been interpreted to mean "a long range of clouds." It is simpler and more consonant with the sense of the passage to take it as equivalent to "wreck."

PART III.

Line 2. *Cure thy brains*.—*Cure* is imperative or optative; 3rd person singular, subject *air*.

7. *Fall*=let fall.

13. *Thy graces*—Thy acts of kindness.

19. *Remorse and nature*—Pity and natural feeling.

24. *Reasonable shore*—Shore of reason.

26. *I will discase me*.—Note the use of *me*, the simple pronoun, as a reflective = myself.

29. *Sometime Milan*.—*Sometime* = formerly. It may be taken also as an adjective = former or late.

35. *After summer*;—i.e., when summer has come. This explanation seems more natural than that which makes Ariel "fly after summer on a bat's back."

38. *My dainty Ariel*.—*Dainty*, like its equivalent *delicate*, elsewhere applied to Ariel, is an expression of endearment.

56. *Be'st*.—2nd singular, subjunctive. Compare—

"If thou *be'st* he; but oh, how fallen, how changed!"—*Milton*.

This form was originally indicative (Anglo-Saxon, *byst*), generally with a future meaning.

58. *As late I have been*.—Supply *abused*.

61. *This must crave.... a most strange story*—This requires a strange story to explain it.

99. *As great to me, as late*—My loss is as great to me as yours is to you; and it is as recent too.

100. *Dear loss*.—*Dear* in the double sense of "much loved," and "costly."

105. *I wish myself were*.—Subjunctive mood, dependent on *I wish*, and implying the contrary fact.

125. *To content ye*.—Note the use of *ye* as an objective, found also in the English Bible, and still common in colloquial speech.

130. *You should wrangle*.—There is an implied concession in this clause. *Though you should wrangle for a score of kingdoms, I would call it fair play*.

132. *If this prove a vision of the island*—If this be only an illusion, the son whom now I seem to have regained will be lost to me again.

147. *Your eld'st acquaintance*—Your longest acquaintance.

155. *Of whom so often I have heard renown, but never saw before*.—This is an example of what is called "the splitting of particles;" the proper complement of *saw* is not "of whom," but "whom."

159. *I am hers*—I shall be her father, in the same sense as Prospero is yours.

171. *Milan thrust from Milan*.—The first *Milan* of course names the duke, the second the dukedom.

179. *When no man was his own*—When we were under the spell, and had lost our senses.

THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VIII.
 CARDINAL WOLSEY.
 CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
 CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
 EARL OF SURREY.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 Lord Chancellor.
 BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
 LORD ABERGAVENNY.
 LORD SANDS.
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
 SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
 SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.
 CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey.*
 Three Gentlemen.
 Garter King-at-Arms.
 BRANDON, *and a Sergeant-at-Arms.*
 Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
 A Crier.
 QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
 ANNE BULLEN, *her maid of honour, afterwards queen.*
 An old Lady, *friend to Anne Bullen.*
 Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants. Spirits.

SCENE: *London ; Westminster ; Kimbolton.*

THE ARGUMENT.

(A.D. 1521-1533.)

PART I.—This Play embraces a period of twelve years—from the disgrace and fall of Buckingham to the birth of the Princess Elizabeth. The Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham converse freely on the pride and pomp of Cardinal Wolsey, whose ambitious schemes have made him the rival of the King in power and circumstance. Wolsey is aware of their hatred of him, and in revenge procures the condemnation of Buckingham. This only makes him more odious in the eyes of the other nobles, and of the people, who groan under the heavy burdens which his extravagance lays upon them. The King's scruples regarding the legality of his marriage with his sister-in-law, Queen Katharine, are artfully fomented by Wolsey ; whose aim is, in the event of a divorce, to marry Henry to a French princess, and so to avenge himself upon the Emperor Charles, who has twice disappointed him of the papedom. The King is the more induced to listen to Wolsey's advice, that he has been captivated by Anne Bullen, the Queen's maid of honour. Wolsey, however, at first knows nothing of this entanglement, which would vitiate all his plans. The Pope, meanwhile, delegates the Cardinals Campeius and

Wolsey to try the divorce case. Queen Katharine refuses to submit to their authority. The trial is transferred to Rome, and a divorce is at length decreed.

PART II.—The King then marries Anne Bullen privately, and without the knowledge of Wolsey. Rumours of the possibility of this event have, in the meantime, reached the Cardinal, who has expressed his fears in a letter to the Pope. This letter, as well as an inventory of the worldly wealth which Wolsey has acquired, falls by miscarriage into the King's hands, and opens his eyes to Wolsey's treachery. Henry thereupon discards his favourite, who betakes himself to the sanctuary of Leicester Abbey, succumbs to adverse fortune, and there dies in penitence and peace. Recriminations then follow between Bishop Gardiner, the defender of the old faith, and Archbishop Cranmer, the champion of the new doctrines. By the King's intervention, a reconciliation is effected between them. The birth of the Princess Elizabeth is announced; the King names Cranmer as godfather, and the Archbishop pronounces a prophetic eulogy upon the future Virgin Queen.

PART I.

SCENE—WESTMINSTER. A STREET.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak* what has happened. 10

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how passed it?

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. 20
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers* witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent.

The same. 30

All these accused him strongly ; which he fain*
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
 Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
 His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirred 40
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
 And something spoke in choler,* ill, and hasty ;
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
 In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not ;
 He never was so womanish : the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly 50
 The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely,
 By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
 Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
 Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
 No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally ; whoever the king favours, 60
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,
 And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
 Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
 They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,
 The mirror of all courtesy ;—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
 And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; tipstaves before him ; the
 axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each side : accompanied
 with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM
 SANDS, and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him. 70

Buck. All good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die ; yet, Heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
 The law I bear no malice for my death ;
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice .
 But those that sought it I could wish more Christians. 80

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few, that loved me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows,—whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,— 90

Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
 There cannot be those numberless offences 100
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no black envy
 Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !
 And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument ! 110

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable 120
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head* against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
 And without trial fell;—God's peace be with him!
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying 130
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most— 140
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain;—
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour 150
 Of my long weary life has come upon me.
 Farewell:
 And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*]

First Gent. Oh, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling*
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 160
 Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be?—You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;
 You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing of a separation 170
 Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not;

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst* disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possessed him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

180

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark; but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE—AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were
young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When
they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason:
His master would be served before a subject,—if not before the king;
which stopped our mouths, sir."

202

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

*Enter, to the Lord Chamberlain, the DUKES OF NORFOLK
and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employed?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

210

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so :
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list.* The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business! 220

And with what zeal! for, now he has cracked the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence 230

That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king;—and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man,— 240

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand, 250
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him! so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in,
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides, 260

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain ; and the King draws
the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*]

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha ?

Nor.

Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say ?—How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I, ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences 270
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[*To Camp.*] You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom : 280
Use us and it.—[*To Wol.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol.

Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy ; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick, though, for his place :
But this cannot continue. 290

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.—[*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,*— 300
I mean the learned ones,—in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius ;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves :
They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves, 310
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me their servant
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal* men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,— 320
Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand : much joy and
favour to you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.* 330

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, 340
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs* be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of, 351
 For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
 My Wolsey, see it furnished.—Oh, my lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
 Oh, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—AN ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady. To them the
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know
 The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord, 360
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women: there is hope
 All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
 Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
 Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
 Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 370
 Commends his good opinion of you, and
 Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
 Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
 A thousand pound a year, annual support,
 Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
 What kind of my obedience I should tender;
 More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
 Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
 More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes 380
 Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
 Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
 As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
 Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
 I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
 The king hath of you.—[*Aside*] I have perused her well;
 Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
 That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
 But from this lady may proceed a gem 390
 To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
 And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honoured lord.—[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is; see! see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compelled fortune!—have your mouth filled up 400
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once—'tis an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect! 410
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises moe* thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot:* it faints me,
To think what follows. 420
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?—[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—A HALL IN BLACK-FRIARS.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING.

The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may, then, spare that time.

430

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent,* nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

440

450

As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew.
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,—
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,—in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt

460

Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent 470
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
 The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
 A year before: it is not to be questioned
 That they had gathered a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deemed our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
 I will implore;—if not, i' the name of God, 480
 Your pleasure be fulfilled.

Wol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless*
 That longer you desire the court; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace 490
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that
 We are a queen, or long have dreamed so, certain 500
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge: for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
 Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again, 510
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice 520
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
 The king is present: if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows 530
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouthed;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming, 540
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,—
 Domestics to you,—serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender* more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual: that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here, 550
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are called back. 560

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
 When you are called, return.—Now, the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate :
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,— 570
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—
The queen of earthly queens : she's noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner, I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing 580
Of all these ears,—for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't ? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person ? 590

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused :
But will you be more justified ? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business ; never desired
It to be stirred ; but oft have hindered, oft, 600
The passages made toward it :—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,
I will be bold, with time and your attention :
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to't :
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and 610
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he—

I mean the bishop—did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes * our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forced such way, 620
 That many mazed considerings did throng
 And pressed in with this caution. First, methought*
 I stood not in the smile of Heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's ' frame,'
 If it conceived a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't than
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had aired them : hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom, 630
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened * in't by me : then follows, that
 I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling* in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,— 640
 By all the reverend fathers of the land
 And doctors learned. First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,*
 When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long : be pleased yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't 650
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daringst counsel which I had to doubt ;
 And did entreat your highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
 My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
 To make this present summons : unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court ;
 But, by particular consent, proceeded 660
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on ;

For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragoned o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, 670
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.—
My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know, 680
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

PART II.

SCENE—LONDON : THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

Enter the QUEEN and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with
troubles ;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

10

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gent. An't* please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They willed me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces 20

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*—What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw 30
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here:
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em, 40
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. Oh, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake; 50
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,—
And service to his majesty and you,—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,— 60
You have too much, good lady;—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honoured madam,
My lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure,
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far),—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

70

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills :
Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so !
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.

80

For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless !

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears :
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

90

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

100

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;
He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause ;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for, both,—my ruin :
Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

110

Cam.

Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye : holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
 A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned ?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
 I have more charity : but say, I warned ye ; 120
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.*

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors ! Would you have me—
 If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
 Alas, he has banished me his 'grace' already, 130
 His love, too long ago ! I am old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

Cam.

Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?
 A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
 Never yet branded with suspicion ? 140
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still* met the king ? loved him next Heaven ? obeyed him ?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at. 150

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol.

Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
 Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady !
 I am the most unhappy woman living.— 160

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes! [*To her women.*
 Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost no grave allowed me: like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places, 170
 The way of our profession is against it:
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us 180
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
 With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
 Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
 If I have used myself unmannerly; 190
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—ANTE-CHAMBER TO THE KING'S APARTMENT.

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF
 SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal 200
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise

But that you shall sustain moe* new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least 210
Strangely neglected: when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue. 220

Nor. Oh, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings 230
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. Oh, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if 240
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges* his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already 250
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to 't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left 200
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ; 270
There be moe* wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I dó assure you
The king cried Ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry Ha ! louder.

Nor. But, my lord, 280
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is returned in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be called queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's 290
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.—
The cardinal !

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king? 300

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he viewed,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is. 310

Wol. Leave me awhile.

[Exit Cromwell.]

[Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him. 320

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous

And well-deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up 330

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawled into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vexed at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift, 340

Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords,

Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
 Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
 His eye against the moon: in most strange postures 350
 We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be
 There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning,
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I required; and wot* you what I found
 There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?—
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing:
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks 360
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will:
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering. 370

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell,
 who goes to the Cardinal.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
 Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind; the which
 You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure* a brief span
 To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my companion. 380

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time; a time
 To think upon the part of business which
 I bear i' the state; and Nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendence* to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well 390
 With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again ;
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
 And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you :
 He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,
 I have kept you next my heart : have not alone
 Employed you where high profits might come home,
 But pared my present havings,* to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

400

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean ?

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business !

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
 If what I now pronounce you have found true :
 And, if you may confess it, say withal
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
 Showered on me daily, have been more than could
 My studied purposes requite ; which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet filed with my abilities : mine own ends
 Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant* thanks ;
 My prayers to Heaven for you ; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

410

420

King. Fairly answered ;
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated : the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,
 My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
 On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

430

Wol. I do profess
 That for your highness' good I ever laboured
 More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be.
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,

440

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;

[Giving him papers.]

And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the
Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.]*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reaped it? 450
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil 460
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What's this? "To the Pope!"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ* to's holiness! Nay then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory, 470
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL
OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry 480
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
 (I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin! 490
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters-patent: now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then. 500

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
 Within these forty hours Surrey durst* better
 Have burned that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy! 510
 You sent me deputy for Ireland,—
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end, 520
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
 You have as little honesty as honour,
 That, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords, 530
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion; 540
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man, 550
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal, 560
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at
you!

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, "*Ego et Rex meus*" 570
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge

Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara. 580

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere* undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

590

Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a praemunire,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,* and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

600

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

610

620

More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.— 630

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What ! amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an* you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. 640

I know myself now ; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,—

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,—

I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy,—too much honour :

Oh, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,* 650

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—

What news abroad?

Crom.

The heaviest and the worst

Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden : 660

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !—

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom.

Last, that the Lady Anne, 670

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was viewed in open as his queen,

Going to chapel ; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles.—Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ; 680
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master : seek the king,—
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
 What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him—
 I know his noble nature—not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord, 690
 Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs* forego
 So good, so noble and so true a master ?—
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ; 700
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,—
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of this wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then, 710
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st at a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have, 720
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES TO KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

INTRODUCTION.—This play was first printed in the folio of 1623; but there exists satisfactory evidence of its having been acted ten years earlier, and it is conjectured that it was written about 1601. Judging by internal evidence, we cannot err in ascribing it to the latest, or seventeenth century, period of Shakespeare's career, when his powers were most matured and his moral purpose was most earnest.

This play was, in chronological order, the last of Shakespeare's *Histories*, and he had abundance of material for its construction ready to his hand. He had the *Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed*; and he had the *Life of Wolsey* by George Cavenish, which, though not printed till 1641, was current in manuscript in Shakespeare's time, and from which Holinshed borrowed largely. He had also Foxe's "*Acts and Monuments of the Church*," first printed in 1563.

The deviations from and inversions of the facts of history, though considerable, are not greater in this than in others of Shakespeare's historical plays. In these cases the poet followed his instinct as a reflective artist. He made historical truth subservient to dramatic unity. His departures from history were not the result of carelessness or caprice, but were prompted by what he conceived to be the requirements of his art.

As the character of Wolsey is the most interesting, and indeed the central, one in the play, we have selected for our abridgment only those parts which refer to his career.

PART I.

Line 2. *God save ye.*—Ye in the objective. See *Tempest*, Part iii., line 126, and Note.

4. *The great Duke of Buckingham.*—Edward Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham who was beheaded by Richard III. He was descended from Anne, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III. An unguarded reference to his royal descent was made the ground of his attainder and execution (1521). Probably his presumed claims to the succession would have attracted little notice had he not personally incurred the resentment of Wolsey.

17. *In a little*—Briefly.

26. *Which.*—Their being brought to his face.

41. *He sweat extremely.*—Adverbial clause of effect: Such an agony that he sweat extremely.

50. *The end of this*—The root and cause of these proceedings.

52. *Kildare's attainder.*—The Earl of

Kildare, the king's deputy in Ireland, was removed from office in 1520; and Wolsey, to serve his own purposes, got the Earl of Surrey appointed his successor.

"Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland."

Part ii., line 510.

53. *Who removed.*—An absolute phrase.

60. *Whoever the king favours.*—Whoever should be in the objective, governed by favours. Construe thus: The cardinal instantly will find employment for whomsoever the king favours. Note also the use of the future "will find," to express a habit or usual occurrence—"he is accustomed to find."

67. *The mirror of all courtesy.*—Compare *Hamlet*, Part ii., line 160—

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

73. *Lose me*—Forget me.

78. *The law.*—Dative complement to bear.

79. *Upon the premises*—The things pre-

mised, the antecedent propositions; the verdict of the law is in harmony with the charges alleged against me. *But justice*—Only justice; literally, nothing but (except) justice.

96. *Mercies more than I dare make faults*—The king's mercies are greater than the faults I might ascribe to him.

98. *Dare be bold to weep*—Dare be so bold as to weep.

99. *Is only bitter to him, only dying*—Leaving whom is his only bitterness, his only death.

100. *Those....that, for such....as*: The numberless offences against me cannot be such as I cannot take peace with—i. e., forgive.

121. *Edward Bohun*.—Stafford was the family name, though originally a title. The name *Bohun* is taken from his ancestor Eleanor Bohun, wife of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester. See Note on line 4.

123. *I now seal it*—I now confirm the truth with my blood.

125. *My noble father.... being distressed*.—An absolute phrase.

137. *Which*.—Namely, that I had a trial, and a noble one.

148. *From ye*.—See Note on line 2; so, "to sink ye," line 149; and "forsake ye," line 150.

172. *It held not*—It did not prove true.

179. *Held for certain*—It (that the king will venture at it) is held for certain.

184. *Is arrived*.—For "has arrived." See *Coriolanus*, Part iii., line 489; and Book I., 105 (80).

186. *'Tis the cardinal*—This is the cardinal's (Wolsey's) doing.

189. *This is purposed*.—The principal clause of the sentence. Construe: "And this is purposed merely (in order) to revenge him," &c.

217. *That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune*.—A reference to *Fortuna* (Greek, *Tyche*), the goddess of chance, who was represented as blindfolded, and with a wheel as the symbol of her mutability. The greatest uncertainty attended her verdicts: she dispensed joy or sorrow as she listed. So here, Wolsey, as her eldest son, and blind like her to the consequences of his edicts, is represented as turning the wheel of Fortune according to his own pleasure.

218. *He list*.—The subjunctive mood, implying uncertainty=whatever he may please.

219. *He'll never know himself else*—Otherwise the king will never know himself; so long as Wolsey retains this power over him, he will not be master of his own mind.

222. *The emperor, the queen's great nephew*.—The Emperor Charles V., the son of Philip and Joanna, the sister of Katharine of Arragon. Wolsey, having been twice disappointed of the popedom, which Charles had promised him, began in 1524 to scheme for a French alliance.

233. *And is not this course pious?*—The question is asked in irony. The "holily," and "with what zeal," of the beginning of Norfolk's speech, are in the same vein.

237. *This main end, the French king's sister*.—Wolsey's design was that Henry should marry the Duchess of Alençon, the sister of Francis of France. See Part ii., line 269.

242. *Pray*.—Infinitive, complement to "we had need." *We had* is subjunctive, the conclusion being implied in "or this imperious man will work us," &c.: If we do not pray, this imperious man will work us.

247. *He please*.—Subjunctive mood, implying uncertainty=whatever pitch he may please.

282. *A talker*—Talkative.

289. *I would not be so sick, though, for his place*—I would not be as sick as he is proud, were I to gain his place thereby. This is an offset to Norfolk's ironical aside—"This priest has no pride in him."

292. *Have-at-him*.—A cry of onset, here used as a substantive, equivalent to an attack or thrust. See Part ii., line 565—"Have at you."

304. *One general tongue*—One representative voice.

305. *Cardinal Campeius*.—Campeggio, appointed, along with Wolsey, Papal Legate to try the validity of Henry's marriage.

307. *Once more*.—He had visited England on a former occasion, when he was made Bishop of Salisbury.

309. *Such a man I would have wished for*.—Supply as before *I would, &c.*

319. *Not to deny*.—The infinitive used as an adverb of consequence: so dearly in heart that you will not deny, &c.

321. *Scholars allowed, &c.*—Noun phrase in apposition with *that*, line 319.

341. *Kept him a foreign man still*—Kept him virtually banished. Dr. Richard Pace was Henry's ambassador at the court of Maximilian, and was afterwards intrusted

with Henry's claim to the imperial crown. Fretting under his constant expatriation, he, as Holinshed says, "fell out of his right wits," and so died.

369. *And high note's ta'en*—(That you may perceive that) high note is taken of your many virtues.

386. *The fair conceit*—The good opinion.

390. *A gem to lighten all this isle*.—A prophetic allusion to Queen Elizabeth, who was the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

393. *My honoured lord*.—This is Anne's parting courtesy to the Lord Chamberlain.

403. *Forty pence, no*.—She lays a wager of forty pence that it is not bitter.

412. *Honour's train is longer than his foreskirt*—Greater honours will follow than those you now possess.

417. *Yourself*.—Dative: Make mirth to yourself.

441. *Indifferent*—Impartial. Compare, "That they may truly and indifferently minister justice" (*Common Prayer*); and (*Richard II.*) "With an indifferent eye."

446. *Witness*.—Imperative, third person; subject, Heaven.

455. *He were*.—Subjunctive in a subordinate clause, governed by "although I knew," which is also subjunctive.

457. *Nay, gave notice*—To what friend did I not give notice.

465. *Against your sacred person*—i. e., If you can repeat aught (that I have done) against your sacred person.

506. *Induced*.—Qualifies you: I do believe that you, induced by potent circumstances, are mine enemy.

517. *Have*.—Second person.

529. *If he know, &c.*—If he know that I am guiltless of your charge, he knows also that I am not free of the injury your charge does me.

533. *The which*.—Which, preceded by the article, must be parsed as a noun.

544. *Slightly*—Without trouble.

570. *For speaking false in that*—Since he says that he has a better wife.

574. *Could speak thee out*—Could exhaust the description of your character.

603. *What moved me to't*.—Construe thus: Now, with time and your attention, I will be bold (to explain) what moved me to it.

612. *Ere*.—Supply *forming*.

632. *In't*—In this respect, namely, in having an heir.

652. *That I committed, &c.*—That I committed to doubt the most daring counsel of my own mind; that I hesitated about expressing my own opinion, and advised the course in which we are now engaged.

PART II.

Line 7. *As*=as if.

12. *Such*—For, such (art) that.

24. *As righteous*.—Supply, as they are good.

25. *But all hoods make not monks*—They should be good men, being cardinals; but "cuollus non facit monachum"—the cowl makes not the monk.

44. *Tanta est, &c.*—Such is our integrity of purpose towards you, most noble queen.

46. *I am not*.—The present including the perfect: I have not been since my coming, and I am not now.

52. *The willing'st sin*—The sin most willingly or knowingly committed.

82. *Business*.—Here a word of three syllables.

93. *So desperate to be honest*—So set upon being honest.

105. *O'erake ye*.—Ye for you, the objective, is used uniformly throughout this scene.

114. *Cardinal virtues*.—Katharine here ironically plays upon the word *cardinal*, which (from the root *cardo*, a hinge) literally means preëminent or fundamental. The "cardinal virtues" in the ancient code of morality were prudence, temperance, justice, and bravery.

128. *If ye be anything but churchmen's habits*.—If there be any human heart under these vestments of yours.

137. *Let me speak myself*—Let me describe, or speak for, myself.

143. *Been...superstitious to him*—I have been over-reverent in my regard for him. I have worshipped him. Compare, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious" (*Acts xvii. 22*).

149. *A great patience*—In comparison with that woman, I have more honour in respect of my suffering.

151. *So*—For so...as.

158. *Ye have angels' faces*.—Probably a reference to the "non Angli sed angeli" of

Gregory the Great. When he saw three Saxon youths exposed for sale in the slave-market at Rome, struck by their beauty he asked whence they came. Being told that they were *Angles*, he replied that they ought more properly to be called *angels*. The story is Bede's. See Stanley's *Memoirs of Canterbury*, page 7; or *The Student's Hume*, page 80.

162. *No pity, no friends, no hope.*—Supply *are*.

172. *We are*—It is our duty, our business.

175. *This carriage*—This demeanour.

207. *My father-in-law.*—The Duke of Buckingham.

211. *Strangely neglected*—Or, at least, which of them have not been neglected, as if they were strangers. The negative must be taken out of "*uncontemned*."

216. *What we can do to him.... I much fear*—I much fear whether we can do anything to him, even though the time is becoming more favourable to us.

225. *Not to come off*—So firmly that he cannot be removed.

260. *Young*—Not long known.

265. *Be memorized*—Be made memorable, or glorious. Another prophetic allusion to Queen Elizabeth. See Part I., line 390, Note. Compare,—

"Or memorize another Golgotha."

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 1, line 51.

267. *Digest this letter*—Brook it; receive it without resentment.

272. *Makes this sting.*—*Sting* is infinitive governed by *make*: Will cause this to sting the sooner.

273. *Is stolen, for has stolen.* See Note on Part i., line 184. So also, *Is returned*, in line 232.

275. *Is posted*—Is proclaimed, or merely appointed.

282. *In his opinions*—Confirmed in his opinions.

328. *And not wholesome, &c.*—And it is not wholesome to our cause that she should lie, &c.

332. *Hath.*—Supply *who*. The omission of the relative when it is the nominative is rare. See Book I., 66 (232).

360. *It out-speaks possession of a subject*—It describes what is in excess (out) of the usual possessions of a subject. *Speak* is several times used in this play to signify "describe," "set forth." See Part i., lines 10, 574; and Part ii., line 137.

370. *Not worth his serious considering*—

Things which properly ought not to occupy his thoughts.

374. *The inventory of your best graces.*—In this expression, as in the whole of this speech, there is a covert and ironical reference to the other "inventory," of which the king has just told Norfolk.

399. *Pared my present havings*—Reduced my possessions.

413. *Filed with my abilities*—My endeavours have kept abreast of my abilities: I have done my utmost, though less than I have wished to do.

432. *As 'twere in love's particular*—As if it were a special service of love, besides the bond of duty.

436. *That am, have, and will be.*—Probably the text is corrupt here; at least, the sense is incomplete. The most probable meaning of the passage is: "Such an one as I have described (that) I am, have been, and ever will be."

440. *Yet my duty, &c.*—Construe thus: "Though perils abound, &c., yet my duty should break the approach of this wild river, and stand unshaken yours, as a rock stands (doth) against the chiding flood."

466. *Will bring me off again*—A way which will bring me off again. See line 332.

485. *Your malice*—An explanation of "your will and words."

490. *May bring my ruin*—In everything that may bring my ruin. Another instance of the omission of the nominative relative.

506. *Thou scarlet sin.*—A reference to his cardinal's robe; and at the same time to Isa. i. 18, "Though your sins be as scarlet."

524. *That.*—Relative, subject of "dare mate;" correlative, "you." The relative here includes the idea of cause=since you. Compare Latin, *quæ = quum illa*. *Mate* here means *oppose*, or *compete with*. The "sunder man" is Wolsey himself.

535. *Like larks.*—As fowlers decoy larks by means of pieces of scarlet cloth.

553. *Thus much*—Though I cannot here produce the articles, which are in the king's hand, I can say *thus much*, that they are foul ones.—*Ones* in this line is the plural of the noun *one*: a different word etymologically from the numeral adjective *one*. The former is derived variously from the French *on*, *homme*; Latin, *homo*; and from the Anglo-Saxon *man*, *one*. The latter is Anglo-Saxon *an*, *oen*, *on*.

570. *Ego et Rex meus*.—I and my King : assuming to himself the precedence.

577. *Item*.—Literally *also*. The form used to introduce each particular in an account. See Falstaff's bill, *King Henry IV.*, Act ii., Scene 4.

585. *The ways you have for dignities*.—See line 458. "For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom, and fee my friends in Rome."

599. *Praemunire*.—The Statute of *Praemunire* was so called from the first word of the writ citing an offender, "*Praemunire factas A. B.*"—Cause A. B. to be forewarned that he appear to answer the charge. This famous statute was first enacted in the reign of Richard II. (1393), to check the exorbitant power claimed by the pope in England.

611. *This is the state of man*.—This is a picture of a man's career.

616. *A-ripening*.—The gerundial infinitive,

compounded with the preposition *an* or *on*.

619. *This many summers*.—The singular *this* requires us to regard the *many summers* as one period of time. Compare, "a many thousand" (*King John*, Part ii., line 130).

628. *Their ruin*.—The ruin they cause.

646. *A load would*.—Supply *which* (would), and compare lines 466, 490.

663. *That his bones*.—Substantive clause, governed by *I could*, or *may it be*, understood, and implied in the preceding sentence.

672. *In open*.—Openly.

676. *The king has gone beyond me*.—The king has outwitted me.

688. *Provide for thine own future safety*.—Wolsey's worldly wisdom prompts him to advise Cromwell to "make hay while the sun shines."

VOCABULARY.

Abated, *part.*, subdued, degraded, 188.

Abysm, *s.*, abyss, 209. [Fr. *abtme*; Gr. α , negative, and $\beta\acute{\upsilon}\sigma\sigma\omicron\varsigma$, bottom.]

Addition, *s.*, title, 175.

Admire, *v. i.*, to wonder, be amazed, 220.

Compare—

“Let none *admire*
That riches grow in hell.”

Par. Lost, Bk. I., 690.

Advice, *s.*, judgment, discretion, 147.

Alack, *interj.*, exclamation of sorrow, 168.
[For *alas*, as in *lack-a-day*.]

Allegiant, *adj.*, bearing allegiance, loyal, 250. [E. *allegiance*, and *liege*; Fr. *lige*; Lat. *ligare*, to bind.]

An, *conj.*, if, 242, 255. **An if**, 150, 151, 152.
[A form of *and*, which in O. E. often means *if*, and indicates that its clause is to be taken with the other. So, *but* sometimes means *unless*, implying that its clause is excluded. See Book I., p. 129 (278).]

Anatomy, *s.*, a skeleton, 147.

Angrily, *adv.*, angrily, 151.

Apparent, *adj.*, evident, real; the reverse of the modern meaning of the word, which is, seeming and no more, *unreal*, 154.

Armado, *s.*, an armada, or fleet of armed ships, 147. [Sp. *armada*; Lat. *arma*.]

Beldam, *s.*, a grandmother, an old woman, 155. [Fr. *belle*, fair, fine, and *dame*, lady; but *belle* in composition has a force similar to the E. *grand* in grand-mother; e. g., *belle-mère*, mother-in-law.]

Betid, *part.*, happened; *p. p.* of *betide*, 209. [A.-S. *getidan*, to happen, from *tíd*, time.]

Bewray, *v. t.*, to betray, 193. [A.-S. *gewreġan*, to accuse.]

Boded, *part.*, promised, presaged, 215. [A.-S. *bodian*, to announce, from *bod*, a command.]

Bootless, *adj.*, useless, 237. [A.-S. *bót*, amends; *bétan*, to amend.]

Bounden, *adj.*, beholden, under obligation, 145. [A.-S. *bunden*, *p. p.* of *bindan*, to bind. Comp. *obligation*, from Lat. *ligare*, to bind.]

Brave, *adj.*, fine, splendid, 212, 221. [Fr. *brave*, Sc. *braw*, Ger. *brav*, handsome.]

Brave, *v. t.*, to defy, 156. [*Ib.*]

Brawn, *s.*, the arm, with reference to its strength or muscle, 191; lit. the flesh of a boar. [A.-S. *bdr*, a boar.]

Budger, *s.*, one who budes or yields in fighting, 173. [Fr. *bouger*, to move.]

Buss, *v. t.*, to kiss, 147, 183. [Gael. *bus*, the mouth; Fr. *baïsser*, to kiss; Lat. *bastum*, a kiss.]

By, *adv.*, near, 156.

Chattels, *s.*, movable property, 254. [O. Fr. *catel*; Lat. *capitalis*, from *caput*, the head; E. *capital*. Comp. *pecuniary*, Lat. *pecunia*, from *pecus*, a herd of cattle.]

Choler, *s.*, anger, supposed formerly to arise from excess of *bile*, 227. [Gr. $\chi\acute{o}\lambda\eta$, bile.]

Clerk, *s.*, a scholar, 232. [A.-S. *clerc*, a priest; Lat. *clericus*.]

Clip, *v. t.*, to embrace, clasp, 190. [A.-S. *clýppan*, to fondle, clasp.]

Clout, *s.*, a rag, 148. [A.-S. *clút*, a little cloth; Sc. *clout*.]

Cluck, *v. t.*, to encourage; to call as a hen to her chickens, 195. [A.-S. *cluccan*; Sc. *clock*. An imitative word.]

Cog, *v. t.*, to wheedle, or steal, 185.

Coign, *s.*, an angle or corner, 196. In masonry a quoin is a corner-stone. [Fr. *coin*, Lat. *cuneus*, a wedge. *Cotin*, money, is so called from the wedge-shaped die with which it is stamped.]

Coil, *s.*, tumult, uproar, 210. [Fr. *cueillir*, Lat. *colligere*, to gather together.]

Conceit, *s.*, thought, that which is conceived in the mind, 146.

Convent, *v. t.*, to convene, call together, 176.

Convicted, *part.*, defeated, 147. [Lat. *con* and *victus*, conquered, from *vinco*.]

Corollary, *s.*, a surplus, something added, as a *crown*, 217. [Lat. *corolla*, dim. of *corona*, a crown.]

Cry, *s.*, a pack, applied to dogs, 188.

Curdied, *part.*, congealed, 198. [E. *curd*, milk thickened; Sc. *crude*.]

Dainty, *adj.*, delicate, 218; lit. toothsome. [W. *dant*, Lat. *dens*, *dent-is*, a tooth.]

Debile, *adj.*, weak, crippled, 175. [Lat. *debilis*, weak, from *de* and *habilis*; whence Fr. *habile*; E. *able*.]

Demerits, *s.*, merits, 171. [Lat. *demereo*, I deserve greatly; intensive of *mereo*, I deserve.]

Disbench, *v. t.*, to unseat, to drive from one's place, 176.

Dispiteous, *adj.*, pitiless, cruel, 150. [O. E. *despitous* (Chaucer); Fr. *dépit*, contempt; Lat. *despicere*, to despise.]

Dissentious, *adj.*, dissentient, quarrelsome, 169.

Divers, *adj.*, for *diverse*; various, several, 226.

Dogged, *adj.*, determined, following closely, like a *dog*, 159.

Doit, *s.*, something insignificant, 197; lit. a Dutch coin so small that it may be covered with the point of the *finger*. [Fr. *doigt*, Lat. *digitus*, the finger.]

Doom, *v. t.*, to condemn, 173. [A.-S. *deman*, to judge: from *doom* comes *doomsday*, day of judgment.]

Durst, *v. i.*, *past* of *dare*, 230. [A.-S. *dorste*, 3rd per. sing. *past* of *dear*, I dare.]

E'er, *adv.*, ever, before, 208. (See *Or.*)

Embattailed, *part.*, marshalled in order of battle, 155. [Em, in, and Fr. *bataille*; E. *battle*, *battalion*. Comp. "Our first battle," *Macbeth*, Act v., Scene 6, line 4.]

Embounded, *part.*, enclosed, confined, 150. [Em, in, and *bound*, to limit; Fr. *borner*, to bound; E. *bound*.]

Envy, *s.*, hatred, malice, 186, 190, 244.

Envy, *v. t.*, to hate, 173, 187; *v. i.*, to bear malice, 188.

Equal, *adj.*, just, impartial, 233.

Fain, *adv.*, gladly, 227. [A.-S. *faegen*, glad.]

Fatigate, *adj.*, exhausted, 177. [Lat. *fatigatus*, from *fatigare*, to weary.]

Featly, *adv.*, cleverly, actively, 212. [Fr. *fait*, from *faire*, to do; Lat. *facere*.]

Fell, *adj.*, cruel, deadly, 160. [A.-S. *fell*; O. Fr. *felle*, cruel. Comp. Sc. *fell*, determined, mettleless.]

Fellowly, *adj.*, sympathetic, 218. [E. *fel-low-like*.]

Files, *s.*, lines of soldiers ranged from van to rear, 199. [Fr. *file*, from *fil*; Lat. *filum*, a thread. Shakespeare uses *file* contrasted with *rank*.]

Fillip, *v. t.*, to strike, 193.

Fist, *v. t.*, *fasting*, *part.*, to seize, or strike with the fist or clenched hand, 191.

Flaw, *s.*, a sudden gust, 193. [Sw. *flaga*, a blast of wind.]

Flote, *s.*, sea, 211; lit. a wave, [A.-S. *flod*; Ger. *fluth*; Fr. *flot*, a wave; E. *flood*.]

Flout, *v. t.*, to mock, 179. [A.-S. *flitan*, to strive; Sc. *flyte*, to scold.]

Foil, *s.*, the test of exaggeration; lit. a leaf, especially a leaf of metal placed behind precious stones in setting, to increase their lustre; hence any off-set, 215. [Fr. *feuille*, Lat. *folium*, a leaf.]

Fraughting, *part.*, freighting, forming a cargo, 208. [Ger. *fracht*, a load.]

Furtherer, *s.*, promoter, abettor, 218. [E. *further*, from A.-S. *fyrdhrian*, to support.]

Gawds, *s.*, ornaments, 146. [O. E. *gaud*, whence *gaudy*; Ic. *gaed*, to adorn.]

Gibingly, *adv.*, contemptuously, 180.

Gladdened, *part.*, for *gladdened*, 240.

God, *v. t.*, *goddied*, *part.*, to make a god of, to idolize, 191.

Gratify, *v. t.*, to recompense, show gratitude to, 175. (See Book I, p. 127.)

Haver, *s.*, owner, one who has, 176.

Haveings, *s.*, possessions, 250.

Head, *s.*, an armed force, an insurrection, 177, 229. (See Book I, p. 54.)

Hedge, *v. t.*, to guard, or make safe by cunning, 246.

Hest, *s.*, behest, command, 215. [A.-S. *hæste*, a command, from *hatan*, to call.]

Holp, *past tense*, for *helped*; abridged from *holpen*, old *p. p.* of *help*, 193, 199; *part.*, 209. [A.-S. *holp-en*, *p. p.* of *help-an*, to help.]

Home, *adv.*, thoroughly, 218.

Hull, *v. t.*, to float as a mere *hull*, without using sails; to drift as a wreck, 240. [Connected with E. *hold* (of a ship); Dut. *holte*, from *hol*, hollow.]

Indifferent, *adj.*, impartial, 236.

Indigest, *s.*, an unformed mass, chaos, 160. [Lat. *indigestus*.]

Inking, *s.*, a hint, 163, 229.

Inly, *adj.*, inwardly, secretly, 221.

Jot, *s.*, an indefinitely small quantity, 178, 235. [Gr. *iota*, Heb. *yod*, the letter *i*.]

Jostle, *v. t.*, to jostle, push, 220. [Fr. *jouster*, to tilt.]

Leisure, *s.*, allotted time, 249.

Let, *v. t.*, to leave, 151. [A.-S. *lætan*; O. E. *lets*. *Let*, to hinder, is from a different root; A.-S. *lettan*, to delay; whence E. *late* and *lasy*.]

Liden, *part.*, old form of *lain*, 150. See Pa. lxxvii. 12. [A.-S. *legen*, *p. p.* of *liegan*, to lie.]

List, *v. t.*, to wish, to have pleasure in, 231. [A.-S. *lystan*, to desire; whence *lust*, desire in an indifferent sense.]

Lurch, *v. t.*, to rob, as a victor deprives his rivals of a prize, 177. [O. E. *lurch*, to win a maiden game at cards,—game against zero; Fr. *lourche*.]

Manage, *s.*, governing power, 145. [Fr. *manège*, horsemanship.]

Merely, *adj.*, entire, absolute, 254. Modern signification, sole, alone. [Lat. *merus*, unmixed.]

Methinks, *v. t.*, it seems to me, 159, 255. [A.-S. *me*, *dat.*, to me; and *thincan*, to seem: a different word from *thencan*, to think, believe.]

Methought, *v. t.*, *past* of *methinks*, 240.

Mew, *v. t.*, to confine, 153. [Fr. *muer*, to moult; from Lat. *mutare*, to change—hence to *mew*, to confine birds during *moulting*-time; and *mews*, the place where birds, especially hawks, were kept while *moulting*.]

Module, *s.*, a model, image, 161. [Lat. *modulus*, *dim.* from *modus*, a measure.]

Moe, *adj.*, more, 235, 248, 247. [O. E. *mo*. Comp. Sc. *mā*.]

Muse, *v. t.*, to wonder, 181.

Mutineers, *s.*, mutineers, 171.

Needs, *adv.*, of necessity, 151, 233, 256.

[A.-S. *nedes*, *nydes*, of necessity; from *need*, necessity. The *s* is a genitive suffix.]

Offend, *v. t.*, to hurt, to inflict bodily injury upon, 152. [Lat. *ob*, and *fendo*, I strike.]

Ope, *adj.*, open, 172.

Ope, *v. t.*, to open, 195. [Poetical form of open.]

Or, *prep.*, before, generally followed by *ever*, or *e'er*, 202, 213. Some editions have *or ere*, both of which words have the same meaning. But we have *or ever* in the English Bible: "And we, *or ever* he come near, are ready to kill him" (Acts xxiii. 15); *i.e.*, *before* he ever come near. [A.-S. *ær*, *ere*, before, a different word from the *conj.* *or*. Comp. Sc. *or*, before, sooner, rather than: "Therefore in aventure to dee He wa'd him put or he wa'd flea." Barbour.]

Out, *adv.*, completely, thoroughly, 191.

Owe, *v. t.*, to own, possess, 152, 184, 212, 213, 215; to have a right to, 154; to be indebted, 145. [A.-S. *age*, *pres. tense* of *agan*, to own; *past tense*, *ah*, whence E. *ought*, *past* of *owe*; which in O. E. meant also, to be obliged, to have to do a thing.]

Passing, *adv.*, exceedingly, 169.

Pent, *adj.*, compelled, 187. [E. *pen*, to coop up; from A.-S. *pyndan*, to confine.]

Pertly, *adv.*, briskly, smartly, 217.

Pick, *v. t.*, to pitch or throw, 169.

Portance, *s.*, carriage, behaviour, 180. [Lat. *porto*, I carry.]

Presently, *adv.*, instantly, 217, 219.

Prithee, *v. t.*, for *Pray thee*, or, *I pray thee*, *I beseech thee*, 183.

Quote, *v. t.*, to mark, note, 156. [Lat. *quot*, how many.]

Rapt, *adj.*, absorbed, transported, 190. [Lat. *raptus*, *p. p.* of *rapere*, to seize. Akin to this is A.-S. *reafian*, to seize; whence *rob*, *reave*, *bereave*.]

Reek, *v. t.*, to smoke (with rage), to fume, 240. [A.-S. *rec*, Ger. *rauch*, Dut. *rook*, smoke; whence (?) *rooky*, misty, in *Macbeth*, Act iii, Scene 2, line 51. Comp. Sc. *reek*, and *reetie*.]

Reek, *s.*, vapour, poisonous exhalation, 183. [Ib.]

Remember, *v. t.*, to remind, 149; to commemorate, celebrate, 175, 212.

Rheum, *s.*, fluid, tears, 150, 158, 199. [Gr. *ῥεῦμα*; from *ῥέω*, I flow.]

Ruth, *s.*, pity, 169. [E. *rue*, to regret; A.-S. *hreoðan*, to regret. The *adj.* *ruthless*, pitiless, is now more common than the *s.* *ruth*.]

Salve, *v. t.*, to save, 183. [O. E. *salves*; from Lat. *salvus*, safe.]

Scale, *v. t.*, to weigh, compare, 181.

Scamble, *v. t.*, to scramble, 159.

Scoone, *s.*, the head, 184; lit. a fortress. [Dut. *schanze*, a rampart; Ger. *schanzen*, to fortify.]

Sir, *s.*, a gentleman, 218. [Fr. *sire*, *sieur*; Lat. *senior*, elder.]

Sometime, *adv.*, sometimes, 210: formerly, 218.

Sometimes, *adv.*, formerly, 240.

Sooth, *s.*, truth, 150, 152. [A.-S. *sōth*, truth.]

Soothe, *v. t.*, to flatter, 176. [A.-S. *sōð*, truth; *geōðhean*, to prove true; *geōðh*, a flatterer.]

Soothing, *s.*, flattery, 174. [Ib.]

Speak, *v. t.*, to describe, or set off, 226.

Still, *adv.*, always, 237, 244.

Surcease, *v. t.*, to cease, 184. [Fr. *sur*, and *cesser*, to cease; Lat. *cedere*.]

Suspire, *v. t.*, to begin to breathe, 148. [Lat. *inspirare*, to breathe out, to sigh.]

Tarre, *v. t.*, to excite, provoke, 152. [O. E. *tarry*; A.-S. *tirian*, to provoke; L. Ger. *tarren*.]

Tendence, *s.*, care, service, attention, 249. [Lat. *tendere*, to stretch.]

Tender, *v. t.*, to take care of, regard, 238. [Lat. *tendere*, to stretch.]

Tent, *v. t.*, to dwell, as in a tent, 184. [Fr. *tente*, Lat. *tentorium*, a tent; from *tendere*, to stretch.]

Tent, *v. t.*, to probe, as a wound, 174. [Lat. *tentare*, to try; from *tendere*, to stretch.]

Thrid, *s.*, old spelling of thread, 216.

Troth, *s.*, truth, 146, 151. [A.-S. *treowth*; from *treowian*, to trust.]

Twink, *s.*, a twinkling, an instant, 217.

[A.-S. *twincian*, to move the eyes; from the same root as *wink* and *woince*.]

Unbarbed, *adj.*, not dressed; for unbarbered, 184.

Unowed, *adj.*, unowned, ownerless, 159. (See *Owe*.)

Unproperly, *adv.*, unnaturally, 192. See note, 206 (167).

Virtue, *s.*, strength, essence, 209. [Lat. *virtus*, valour, manliness; *vir*, a man, and *vis*, *vir-is*, strength, being from the same root.]

Wage, *v. t.*, to reward, pay wages to, 199.

Want, *v. t.*, to lack, to fail to have, to be without, 159. [A.-S. *wana*, empty, deficient; Lat. *vanus*.]

Welkin, *s.*, the sky, 208. [A.-S. *wolcen*, sky, air; from *wealcian*, to roll, revolve.]

While, *s.*, time, used in the phrase "the while," in the meantime, 214. [A.-S. *hwil*, time; *tha hwile*, so long as.]

Whilst, *s.*, time, used in the phrase "the whilst," the while, in the meantime, 155. [Ib.]

Whist, *part.*, wished, hushed, 212. [E. *hush*; Dan. *hys*, *hyst*; Ger. *'st*, a sound enjoining silence.]

Withal, *prep.*, an emphatic form of *with*, 216. [E. *with* and *all*; usually an adverb=besides; as a *prep.* it follows its object.]

Wot, *v. t.*, to know, 249; *past tense*, I wist; *inf.*, to wit; used adverbially=namely. [A.-S. *witan*, to know; *pres.*, Ic *wit*; *past*, Ic *wiste*.]

Wreak, *s.*, vengeance, 190. [O. E. *wreche*; A.-S. *wraec*, and *wracu*, revenge.]

Writ, *part.*, old form of written, 150. [A.-S. *writan*, to write; *p. p.*, *writen*.]

Writ, *past tense*, old form of wrote. [A.-S. *writan*; the *past tense* is Ic *wroð*, *thū write*; the *plur.* is *writon*. Compare—"Macrobius that writ the avisioun." Chaucer.]

Yond, *adv.*, yonder, 212. [A.-S. *geond*, through.]

GRAMMATICAL INDEX.

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